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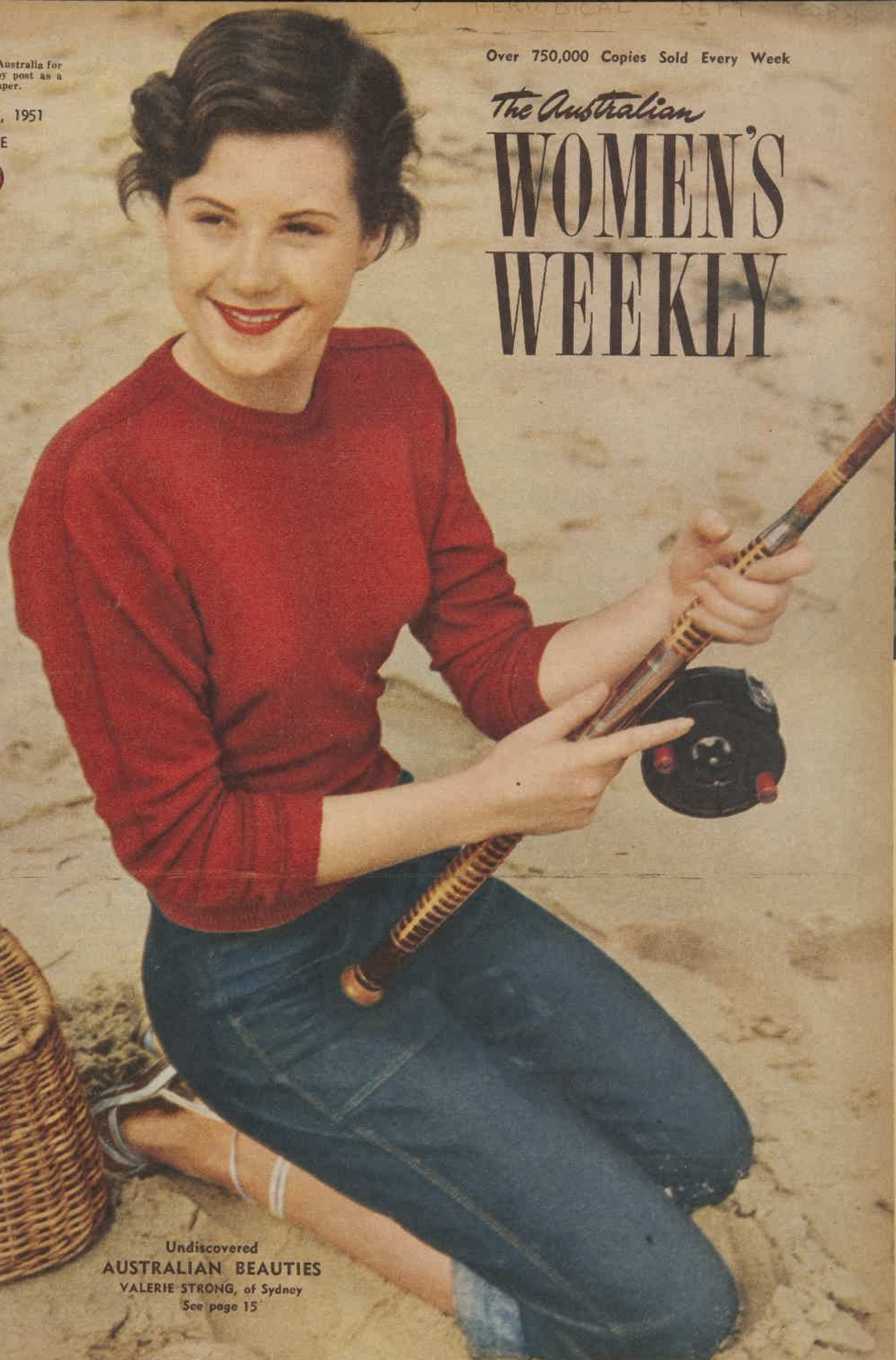
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WEEKLY**



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VALERIE STRONG, of Sydney
See page 15



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Belinda stood apart from the others, afraid to hear what Eric had written on his slip of paper.

The Proposal

By FRANCES MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN MILLS

KATHY BRISTOW turned to her guests. "You can't possibly leave now while this storm's on—any of you. Jeremy, can we squeeze out another round of Martinis?"

An hour ago, when Eric had gone out to check the lights of his car, he had discovered it was pouring.

Now, the rain still fell, but in rather a half-hearted way, and, in another half-hour, the storm would probably be over.

Belinda glanced round at faces that suddenly seemed a little disintegrated, a little uncertain, now that the sustained high pitch of the party had unexpectedly dropped.

She watched Kathy making vague, valiant attempts to recapture the gay mood, unwilling to have her triumph as a hostess dissolve into shreds of boredom and muffled yawns. Turning on the radio, she spun the dial.

Instead of the music she hoped for, a man's voice spoke with practised cajolery: "Now tell us, Mrs. Allan, how did your husband propose to you?"

The reply came, a nervous crescendo punctuated by a giggle. "On a Ferris wheel at a country fair!"

"For that, Mrs. Allan," Jeremy Bristow announced grandly as he reappeared with a tray of Martinis,

"you may take home this real live baby alligator! Isn't that lovely?" He grimaced. "Get some music, Kathy."

But Kathy, a glint in her eyes, walked over and clicked off the radio. "It's a game we can play," she announced brightly, determined to have no dull finale to her party. "I shall give all the men slips of paper—Jeremy, find some pencils!"

Already she was ripping off the pages of a memo pad, distributing them stubbornly against the sheepish reluctance of grown men manoeuvred into a childish game.

"Now, each man will write down how he proposed to his wife. Or," she smiled at Belinda and Eric, "his fiancée. No signatures on your slips, please. Then I shall read them aloud and we'll guess at identities."

"Oh, no! . . ." Belinda's protest was sharp and immediate, but she hadn't meant to make it vocal. Nor had she, she discovered a moment later. The shrill, dissenting cry came from Susan Elliott.

"Oh, Kathy, no! It's a silly game."

Tony Elliott said softly: "It might be rather amusing." His dark, puckish face was cruelly mischievous and Susan seemed to shrink into herself, quivering under an unspoken jibe. Belinda thought, and not for the first time, that Tony Elliott, charming

and witty in a crowd, might not be so easy to live with.

She glanced over at Eric, who was already scratching away on the small slip of paper Kathy had given him. A smile was in his eyes as he looked up. Belinda's cheeks became hot. And yet, even if Eric should write the truth, she argued silently, it really wasn't so frightening.

He was nibbling at his pencil like a schoolboy now, concentrating hard, and she saw him draw a line through something he had written. Everything crossed out but the five bald words?

"Ready?" Kathy asked, then collected the slips of paper.

BELINDA crouched back in her chair. The rain wasn't going to stop in time to end this devilishly devised game. Oh, well, she comforted herself, you learned long ago to laugh at yourself, didn't you?

Oh, long ago, when her first sixteen-year-old love had cast her off for a new girl with round blue eyes and curls that bounced on her shoulders, Belinda, anxiously considering her own freckles and straight uncompromising bob in the bathroom mirror, had grinned, suddenly, think-

ing: If I were a boy, I'd like yellow curls and blue eyes better, too!

She had laughed when her sisters, younger than she, had married and from their complacent security called Belinda, at twenty-five—six—seven, "Our spinster sister."

At twenty-eight the laughter began to sound a little thin. Nothing had the same bright promise it used to have. You began to grow frightened as all your friends married and had children.

Kathy pulled a slip of paper from the bundle and read it aloud. Half-way through she was stopped by a gust of laughter and a shout of gleeful recognition. Matthew Drummond, of course! Who but Matthew—whose growing waistline advertised his fondness for food—would have proposed to Marjorie at the end of the best dinner he'd ever eaten, cooked by Marjorie on a two-burner gas stove in her tiny flat?

Belinda drew back as the second slip was drawn, then relaxed. Another reprieve; Kathy was reading about a girl who was nearly drowned.

"I pulled her out of the river by her hair, pounded some air into her, and the minute she came to I asked her to marry me."

Betty Clyde had told the story over and over again, and everyone hooted Tom Clyde's name merrily.

The laughter was kind, but it could be waspish and incredulous, Belinda knew. She sat through another recital and another, wishing that Eric's slip had been drawn first and was now over and done with.

Then, watching Kathy's face for clues, she saw the tightening of disbelief. Belinda felt a crawling, sticky heat engulf her.

Kathy read starkly: "My girl proposed to me."

Belinda let her body go limp, fixed a smile on her face and pre-

pared to be a good sport and laugh at herself with the others.

But the shout of laughter did not come. All at once the room was alive with tension; the sudden quiet was self-conscious and uneasy.

Someone giggled, and then Susan Elliott said loudly: "Don't pretend, all of you! Don't be polite! You all know Tony wrote that." She turned to her husband with airy bitterness. "Very amusing of you, darling," she said distinctly. "You pick your moments, don't you?"

The thickness of their hatred flowed through the room, and Belinda, watching them, knew that this was what she had feared for herself and Eric. It had been below the surface of her mind for days.

The woman who corners a man into a commitment leaves herself defenceless against the inevitable strains and stresses in any marriage. My girl proposed to me. Tony Elliott hadn't meant to be facetious. He had wanted it to hurt.

Belinda looked at Susan, at the two bright spots of color burning in her cheeks. It had hurt.

Quickly, Kathy picked up another slip of paper. Belinda listened numbly, afraid not of laughter now but of the irreparable thing that she had done to herself and Eric.

She heard the ordinary yet rather touching words that Kathy was reading. A table, candle-light; a trio of guitars strumming . . . I wish, Belinda thought, it had been like that for Eric and me, with Eric saying the words. It might have been if only I'd waited.

"Eric!" someone shouted confidently. "At the Old Chelsea. Eric's and Belinda's favorite restaurant—naturally he proposed to her there!"

Please turn to page 4

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ALMOST with disbelief Belinda saw Eric acknowledge it as his with a nod and a smile; vaguely she saw Kathy pick up another slip. Her palms were damp. Dear Eric! She might have known he would do that.

In the car, driving home, Belinda said: "Thank you, Eric."

But the lie he had told to save her pride stood like a wall between them. Did Eric feel it, too? Did he see the blight that had already touched their love?

When she went into the flat, she took with her not the warming remembrance of Eric's kindness but the sicken savagery of Susan Elliott's voice, the malicious twist of Tony's mouth.

If Eric should ever look at her like that, if ever he taunted her, publicly or privately, with the words Tony had heartlessly written for Kathy's game, she knew that she could not endure it.

Belinda's head ached. She flung open a window and stood a moment with the coldness on her face, then turned and drew back the coverlet and switched off the lamp.

Last November, when she met Eric for the first time at Kathy's, she had known at once that he was the man she had been waiting for.

Eric had the quickness of mind, the humor, and the deep compassion that had been lacking in the other men she had known. And of all the women he might have chosen, Eric, the newcomer to the town, had chosen her.

He enjoyed being with her, she knew. All summer they went everywhere together.

"You're sweet, Belinda," he would say. Or: "You're very lovely, darling." Or: "I've never known a girl like you, Belinda." All very pleasant and very cautious, Belinda thought now.

Then, a month ago, they had been driving home from a piano recital. The mood of Debussy, curiously fascinating, was upon them. And Belinda, still caught in its spell, had asked suddenly: "Eric, why don't we get married?"

She was aghast, hot then cold with humiliation. And yet the words had practically spoken themselves, without her volition.

When at last she could turn her head towards Eric, she had seen a look of wonder on his face—or was it, she asked herself now, a trapped look? After a moment he had said very quietly, almost casually: "Why not?"

The next day he had brought her the ring, Belinda, lying wakeful in the darkness now, felt the hump of the diamond on her finger.

Suddenly she felt again the hatred that had been in the Bristows' living-room when Tony and Susan had looked at each other.

Belinda forced her thoughts

The Proposal

Continued from page 3

away from that moment and back to Eric's kindness, the lovely lie that had spared her pride. Had it also been to spare her pride that he had said "Why not?" What else could a man as sensitive, as intuitively kind, as Eric have said?

Not that he would let himself be pushed into just any marriage; he wasn't a weakling or a fool. He found her attractive and congenial; he liked to hold her in his arms and kiss her.

Even if he did not want this marriage passionately, Eric might feel that what existed between them was enough to form a sound foundation. Other men, and women, too, had married for less—and sometimes it worked out.

Belinda's gratitude was all at once an oppressing burden. It's no use, she thought. I'd always be afraid he would strike out at me as Tony did to-night at Susan. I couldn't live with a fear like that any more than Eric could live with the knowledge that he had come to my defence with a lie.

She slid out of bed, fumbling in the darkness for the light switch. Icy air nipped her ankles. She pushed her feet into mules, her arms into the chilly slipperiness of quilted satin, and went out to the living-room.

Unless she wrote to-night the words releasing Eric from a love unwanted, she might not have the courage in the morning.

WHEN she had sealed the letter, she took off her ring and wrapped it up for posting. She shivered, then put out all the lights and returned to bed.

Next morning she sent off the letter and the package to him. I'm right back where I was a year ago, she told herself. But a year older. It was frightening. There should be a special dividend of youth for the woman still unloved, she thought.

Her friends would bewail the broken engagement. It had been such a relief not to have to hunt up an extra man for Belinda! Now they'd start again, checking the dwindling list of eligible men, collaring new ones.

Walking to the dress shop she had acquired two years ago when her partner married and left, Belinda felt a sudden impatience with its jewel-box interior.

I'll redecorate, she decided. I'll change the color scheme, rip down all that green velvet, do up the whole place. It will give me something to think about besides myself.

The shop had provided work-day happiness before; it would again. She would make it fill her life. Other women made a career suffice. I can, too, she thought, if I can manage to forget how it was to laugh with

Eric, to feel his quick responsiveness to a mood, to be in his arms.

She worked feverishly through the interminable day, dreading the hour when she would have to return to the flat and an empty evening.

Five o'clock came. She walked home. She saw ahead of her an endless succession of solitary dinners—a sandwich swallowed indifferently with a book propped behind her plate, a glass of milk because it wasn't worth the trouble to make coffee for one. It was so easy, alone, to let oneself go.

The picture repelled her. Perversely, with no appetite, she went into a grocery shop and bought all sorts of tins she didn't really want.

She was standing by her door fumbling for the key when she heard her name spoken.

"Belinda!" Eric said, and he sounded angry.

He took the key from her, opened her door, and followed her inside to the kitchen.

"I wrote to you, Eric," she said. "Didn't you get my letter?"

"I got your letter this evening when I got home from work."

He took the bag from her, carried it out to the kitchen, and came back to her.

"Belinda," he said, "look at me." He took her face between his two hands and forced her head up. "Look at me and tell me this." He was grim, ungentle. "Am I the sort of man who would be cornered into marriage against his will?"

She tried to shake her head, to move away from him, but his hands held her.

"Do you really think I'd marry a woman I didn't want?"

"Eric, please—"

His kiss stopped her. "You crazy little fool," he said gently. "Don't cry, now. We're going out for dinner. There are things I have to say to you."

"We could eat here," she faltered. "I—I brought home enough food for both of us."

"I've reserved a table at the Old Chelsea. Now hurry up and get ready."

"Oh, Eric, I can't."

"Yes, you can, Belinda."

The table at the Old Chelsea was candle-lighted and three guitars plunked softly behind potted palms. It was exactly as it had been all the other times they had dined here, exactly as Eric had written it on the slip of paper last night.

The waiter brought them two sherries and Eric ordered dinner. Then he said, irrelevantly, it seemed to Belinda: "If you try to take happiness in one gulp, you can lose the essence of it." He raised his glass to his lips. "Happiness ought to be relished slowly, Belinda. Like wine."

BELINDA looked away. "I don't think I understand, Eric," she said.

"I knew the night we met at Kathy's that you were my girl, Belinda. I've never been as sure before. Always, with others, something kept me from stepping over the line between liking and love. With you there wasn't any line."

It was like that for me, too, she thought.

Eric said: "I could have said that first night—I was so sure—'Belinda, marry me.' I didn't. One gulp, like that, and we would have missed so much. I wanted the first excitement, the anticipation, the gradual revelations, each day knowing one more thing about you than I had known the day before."

No, you weren't selfish, she thought. I thought, too. Relishing it slowly, as you said.

"And for both of us," he went on, "I wanted the fun and laughter and luxury of just loving and being loved—before we settled down to the seriousness of being married."

"Need it be all that serious, Eric?"

He smiled. "Not really. It's different, though. It's a deeper happiness, and steadier, with more responsibilities, and never quite as blithe and free."

This was the deepest hurt, to have to think of Eric as a man who wanted love without its ties and consequences, who wanted his freedom.

"I see," she said dully.

"No," he said urgently, "you don't see. Look, Belinda. Every time I kissed you I was asking you to marry me. Somehow I thought you knew all along just how I felt. We've never needed words."

"Every girl does," Belinda said. "Those words, Eric." She looked away from him. "Well, I said them for you."

"That's just it," he said, and excitement deepened his voice. "That night—the piano recital night—I thought: This is the moment I've waited for. I didn't hear a note of Debussy. I heard 'Lohengrin.' You did, too, or you wouldn't have said—"

"Please," she whispered.

"When you said the words, I almost didn't believe it. The miracle of two people so perfectly attuned, so much one. You see?"

She smiled dubiously. "Belinda," he said gently, "I'm free. Your letter set me free. No coercion, no compulsion, no duress... Belinda, will you marry me?"

His gaze held hers. She thought: The candles, the guitars, the words, everything. Only it didn't matter who said the words. Not between Belinda and Eric, who were two very, very different people from Susan and Tony. She had overlooked that important fact.

She smiled. "Yes," she said. "Oh Eric, yes."

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS



Hearing the door open, Fenella rushed to meet Jack. "Had a good day, darling?" he asked.

No Hours Between

THE brown worm of Jack's bacon rind looked reproachfully from its greasy plate. Fenella mentally scourged herself for not remembering to cut it off.

Jack had explained that you don't get a crisp edge to your rasher if the rind is on, and she always meant to remove them all, in one swoop, when the groceries were delivered each week. But she never did.

Poor darling, she thought, as she gathered the remains of his breakfast on to the scarlet wedding present (Mrs. Whitelaw's) tray. The slam of the front door seemed to echo round the house still-aftermath to Jack's getting off to the station.

Fenella carried the tray into the kitchen and thought how, in only three months of marriage, the days already had taken on their set pattern.

The gentle calm of their awakening together, working up through Jack's bath, Jack's shaving, Jack's scurry over the headlines and his breakfast, to the crescendo of the flinging on of coat and hat (only to have to remove it to kiss Fenella good-bye), then, slam. Not an angry, but a friendly, slam.

Gradually, the pocket-size house settled down after the hurricane of his going. Fenella tied a blue smocked apron to guard her primrose honeymoon housecoat and turned on the hot tap.

While she waited for the water to run warm she snow-stormed soap flakes into the bowl. This always pleased her; she liked the extravagance of billowing foam the now hot water made.

As she mopped she thought lovingly of Jack. Bless him! Such a very junior partner of a doing-well architect, but going off each day with the look of a director of big business.

Now she set about her own unhurried breakfast. Played the usual game with herself of which would be done first—the coffee or the toast. Coffee usually won. It did to-day.

She poured from the pot (the Bowdens'), switched off the toaster (the girls at the office), and carried her serene-looking breakfast through the dining-room, picking up the morning paper on her way, into the sitting-room.

Fenella valued this small ritual she had made; it took the edge off housework yet to come.

She drank her coffee and crunched toast that made thunderous noises in her head: the only sound in the room. The room, their sitting-room, looked so different in the morning, a jumble of untidiness waiting to be cleared; the book

Jack was reading last night face downwards, as though disgraced, on the arm of a chair; last night's papers flung on the floor, last night's tea-cups still on a tray.

It had lost the warm friendliness of yesterday when, with reading-lamps lit and curtains drawn, it made their world.

She jumped up. She must get on.

She had her bath and dressed. Then swept and cleaned and dusted. Already, monotony had crept in and her mind wandered as her hands worked. She tried to keep the thought of Jack uppermost in her mind. She was doing it all for love of him, she must remember that. They mustn't, mustn't become merely boring duties to be got through.

She tried to think of herself as a home-maker, not a housewife; the different words conjured up such diverse pictures. Never, never would she let herself become merely a housekeeper. She had to vow this fiercely to herself, as though the threat of it were creeping up on her.

As she made the bed, Fenella thought of the

mother calling out warnings to take care. A butcher's boy cycled past whistling as though hypnotised. That was all. She had a mad desire to shout suddenly; shout out into the quiet of the street. She shut the window with a bang.

Fenella felt she would go crazy if she didn't speak to someone soon. She flew downstairs, rushed to the telephone and dialled the well-remembered office number. An official voice answered. "Miss Fairclough, fashion department, please!"

What was she going to say to Celia? Before she had time to think up a solid excuse she heard Celia's voice, efficient and brisk.

"Yes, Celia Fairclough here!" Then, high and natural, warm with friendliness, "Fenella! My dear. How are you?"

She heard herself reply. "Fine, darling. I had a sudden feeling you might not be well. How are you? What's the latest?" If Celia was surprised she didn't show it. She recounted tidbits of scandal, tidbits that, had she guessed it, were meat and drink to Fenella.

They had a long, silly, girlish talk, and, when done, Fenella smiled to herself. What a dear Celia was; how lovely to hear all about the office; to feel, if not in it, of it again.

She looked round the sitting-room. All in perfect order again. The new furniture bright and expectant, as if to say, well, here we are; what are you going to do about it? Throw a party? Go on, make use of us! She shrugged her shoulders and ignored its mute appeals.

Well, thought Fenella, now what? Shopping was the answer.

She put on her new cherry coat and small black hat, with its impudent feather. Picking up bag and shopping basket she shut the front door and walked down the path, out of the gate and down the street towards the shops.

She knew no one as she walked. Nobody to nod and smile at, no one to exchange ordinary little greetings with.

At home, in the country, before she had come to town for her job, she had known everyone. Morning shopping for her mother had been a procession of good-mornings and hallos. But not now.

She glanced casually into the dress shops and stopped here and there to judge a hat, or to appraise a pair of shoes.

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By GRETA LAMB

ILLUSTRATED BY TOMPSON

girls at the office she had left three months ago. They would be having morning coffee now, the cups standing check by jowl with fashion drawings and fashion copy on the untidiness of their desks. She found that lately she often thought of the girls at the office.

They had seemed ordinary enough when she was with them every day, but now . . . she wondered . . . Their lives seemed full of excitement, small, unexpected happenings. Telephones rang, buzzers buzzed, interesting people came and went.

In retrospect, the gossip, the love affairs, the odd upsets that always flourish where women work together, seemed so intriguing now. The telephone seldom rang for Fenella; she and Jack didn't know many people yet. They weren't far out of town, but in some ways they might be in the Sahara.

Suddenly an overwhelming loneliness settled upon her. She crossed the room and flung up the window. Outside was the quiet suburban street. A child went by, wobbling on her trike,

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By Paul Ernst

ILLUSTRATED BY
WYNNE W. DAVIES

RICHARD HILLIARD went whistling into the foyer of the block of flats in which he was newly and fortunately installed.

It was his first whistle for seven months. That is, since he had read in the paper of the marriage between his own fiancée and an old friend of his.

The reception clerk called to him from the desk. He was tapping a letter against his palm. "Mr. Hilliard—do you know where Mr. Rogers is?"

Richard did. Mr. Rogers was the man from whom Richard had sub-leased his flat, and he had gone north, where he was going to marry an old flame and take a job with the flame's substantial father.

The clerk frowned. "There's a young lady who keeps trying to contact him. A Miss Palmer. This letter's from her."

"I could forward it," Richard offered.

That was Friday night, and he'd have done as he said about the letter if next day hadn't been Saturday with no visit to the office due till Monday. It gave him time to think things over.

The handwriting was feminine, but unaffected and straightforward. There was a return address on the back flap. It bothered Richard. He had met Tony Rogers only once, but he had heard plenty about him.

Popular fellow; knew a lot of girls. Now here was this one determined to contact him, and he meanwhile had gone up north to wed another.

Richard recalled the bald and painful way in which he had learned of his own jilting seven months ago, and he could see Miss Palmer in the same circumstances. She should be told, he thought.

At midday Richard stuck Miss Palmer's letter in his pocket and went to her address.

The building she lived in was an old red brick one, very narrow, squeezed between two tall neighbors. It looked forbidding, and he almost turned away, but after a moment he went in.

He pressed the button under the name Joyce Palmer, and started up the stairs. It was dark and gloomy, and suddenly arms were round his neck and warm lips were pressed to his.

"Tony, darling! Where have you been? Oh! Who are you?"

"Richard Hilliard," said Richard, still feeling the lips. Hardly a pressure to flee hundreds of miles from, he thought.

"You wanted to see me?"

"Yes. For a minute. I know Tony Rogers. That is, I don't exactly know him, but—"

"Come in," the girl said. "You know Tony?"

In the light of the small room, Joyce Palmer turned out to be a smallish girl with brown, soft hair, dark, anxious eyes, and an extraordinarily flawless skin.

"I took over his flat," he explained. "And this letter of yours came for him. But he's gone up north to get married."

Joyce Palmer backed into a chair and sat down.

"I'll send the letter on to him if you like," he offered.

She shook her head and tore the letter across.

"I'm awfully sorry," fumbled Richard.

Her head came up. He'd thought there was luck in her small chin. There was, and by now it had gath-



If making an impression on Aunt Jane would help, he was willing to try

Anything for a friend

ered itself and was ready to lash out at the nearest subject.

"What've you to be sorry about?"

"I know something of what you're feeling. Happened to me once. Only no one told me. I had to find out about it in the newspapers."

"I'm not sure that wouldn't be a better way. What's this to you, anyhow? Did you come here thinking you might pick up a new name for your address book on the rebound?"

Richard stiffened with a dignity exaggerated by the fact that just possibly, at the back of his mind, there might have lurked a shadow of such a thought. "Certainly not," he said. "Please leave, Mr. Hilliard."

"If there's anything I—"

Her eyelids were all squinched up, and in a minute there was going to be a deluge.

"Good-bye," she said firmly, ushering him to the door.

That night, just as he let himself into his flat, the telephone rang.

"Mr. Hilliard?" came a muffled, cold-in-the-nose voice. "This is me, Joyce Palmer."

From her tone, Miss Palmer had been crying busily since noon.

"Hello! Do you feel better now?"

"Yes, thank you. I thought I ought to ring you and say I'm sorry. I was nasty to you this morning."

"You weren't," lied Richard.

"Yes, I was. I wanted to apologise, and to thank you. Good-bye."

"Wait a minute," Richard said before he thought. "What have you been doing all day? That is, have you had anything to eat?"

"Eat? Oh, Yes. Of course."

"I'll bet you haven't stirred from your room. Go out now and get some dinner."

"I will," she said dully.

Richard sighed. She wouldn't, and he knew it. He said hope-fully: "There's a good little restaurant quite near you."

"Thank you."

Half an hour later Richard Hilliard stood outside Joyce Palmer's door with a string bag containing chops, potato chips, and some vegetables he didn't know much about, but which had looked good in the shop.

Joyce opened the door with the

light of hope in her dark eyes. It faded quickly.

"Oh, it's you."

"Yes," said Richard. "Come to take you to dinner."

"To dinner? I couldn't go out anywhere. Look at me."

She looked like a woebegone little girl who had just skinned her knees on a gravel path. Richard refrained with effort from patting her shoulder and holding a handkerchief to her nose.

"We'll have dinner in privacy, in my flat—if you can cook, and if you'll smother those suspicions I see in your eyes."

She shrugged as if it didn't matter much. "If you want to be seen with a girl who looks as if she has mumps and whose nose is all—"

"Cold water. Lots of it," prescribed Richard. "I'll wait in the hall."

WHILE Joyce got the dinner started Richard mixed some drinks. Then they sat on the sofa and Joyce looked round.

"So this is where Tony lived," she said, her voice bobbling with the name.

"You haven't been here before?"

"I haven't even been in London before. I knew Tony back in my home town."

Richard looked at her. "You were going to be married?" he asked.

"That," said Joyce, "was the general idea. And then I came down here and couldn't find him. The reception clerk here didn't know where he was, the company he'd worked for didn't know. They just said he'd severed his connection with the firm."

She folded and refolded the handkerchief in her lap. "I knew before you came that it was all off, really. I just hadn't admitted it to myself."

"Tony Rogers," Richard said through his teeth, "is a rat."

"No, he's not. He's a lamb. It's just that people like him too well, too easily. Some girl got him off-guard."

Joyce caught her nice lip between her nice teeth. "The thing is, what on earth do I do now?"

"Did you tell people about your engagement to Tony?"

"Did I? My family and everybody back home. How can I go back and face them?"

"You can't," said Richard, after a judicious moment.

"But what can I do?"

"Stay in town for a while now you're here," Richard suggested, easily. "Get a job—the firm I'm with has a place for you. In a few weeks you can start dropping hints in your letters home that you aren't as sure about this marriage as you thought you were."

"Eventually you can write and say it's all off, you decided against Tony after observing him on his home ground."

Joyce got the job in Richard's firm and prepared to stay till she could go home with honor. She remained in the rather dismal room.

One evening, shortly after Richard had got back from the office, the telephone rang. It was Joyce.

"Richard? Joyce here. Something terrible's happened."

"You've heard from Tony?"

"No, but he's concerned. My Aunt Jane is coming to London for a visit. She'll be here to-morrow."

"Well, what's awful about that?"

"She'll expect to meet Tony, of course. What's more, she'll insist on it."

Richard whistled.

"I know just what she has in mind," Joyce went on. "As you suggested, I dropped her a lot of hints in my letters that all is not well with my romance. So Aunt Jane is going to drop in and patch up our quarrel. She just loves doing that sort of thing."

"Tell her Tony was called out of town."

"She'd just stay till he got back. You'll have to help me out of it—I got me into it in a way."

"I got you into it?"

"With your advice. Anyhow, I have no one else to ask."

"But what could I do?"



"Be Tony Rogers," said Joyce. "Aunt Jane hasn't met him."

"Now wait," snapped Richard, and then stopped. To some extent he was responsible for this situation.

"What do you suggest?" he asked.

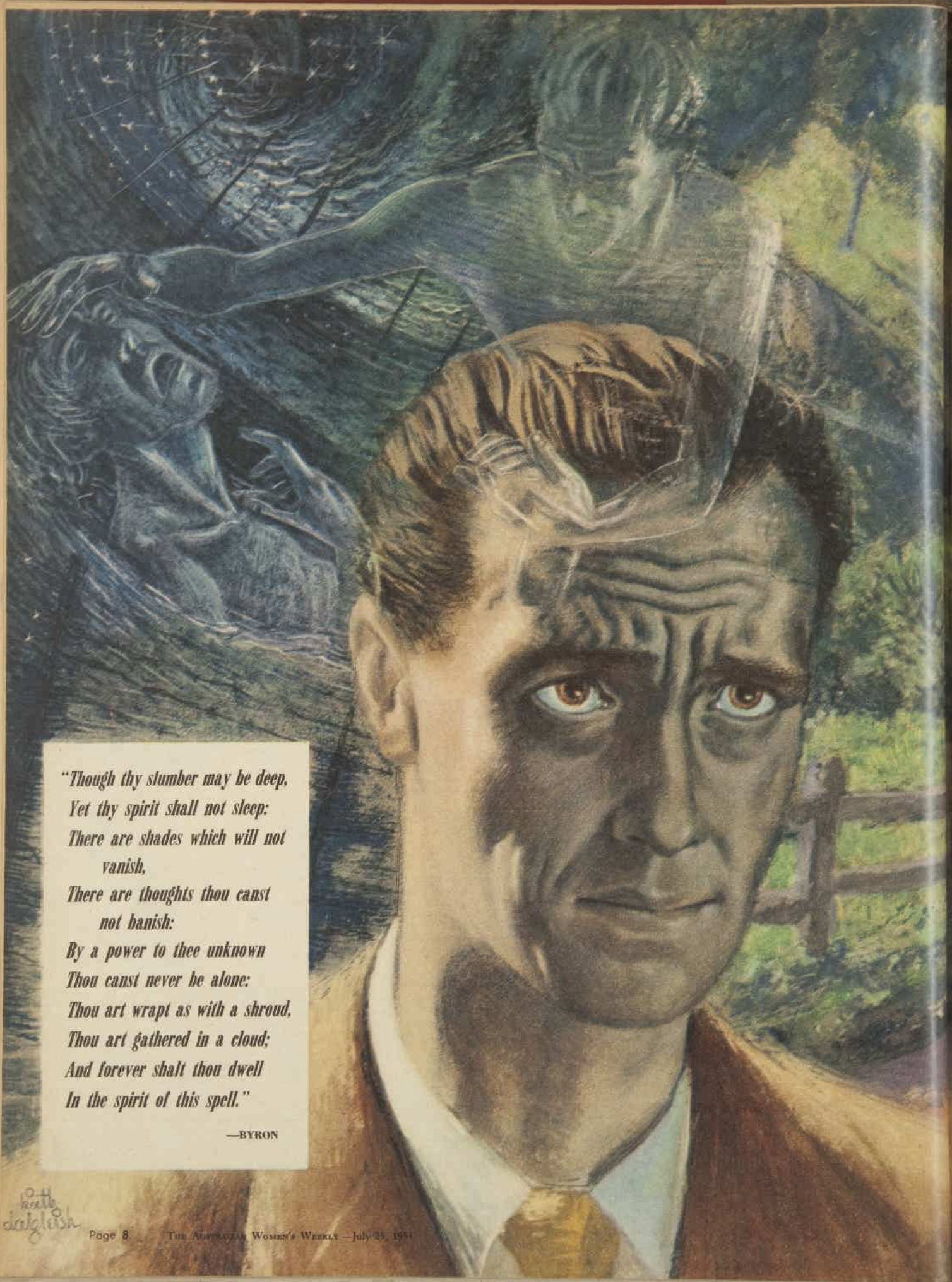
"Meet her with me," said Joyce, "and bear out what I've said in my letters. You know, be sort of insensitive and crude. But don't behave like too much of a cad or Aunt Jane will think I'm crazy falling for you in the first place."

Next evening, Richard met Joyce and they went together to Aunt Jane's hotel.

Aunt Jane, a dominating looking woman in her fifties, kissed her niece and then turned somewhat grimly to the defective fiancé.

"My aunt, Mrs. Hershell, Tony Rogers," said Joyce.

Please turn to page 55



*"Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep:
There are shades which will not
vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst
not banish:
By a power to thee unknown
Thou canst never be alone:
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud;
And forever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell."*

—BYRON

with
delish



The Shades will not Vanish

Our compelling new serial

By HELEN M. FOWLER

ILLUSTRATED BY
DALGLEISH

IT was almost half-past four when he stepped from the train at Ambara. Forcing himself to pass through the little wicket gate without touching the railings in groups of two—so often he had to cheat when the number was uneven, sometimes inventing an additional one, sometimes ignoring the last one—he walked across the little red-gravel square, around which the shops were grouped, and stood under the branches of a large cedar.

He was trembling a little because of the incident with the railings, but he felt a sense of triumph; it was only a small victory, but perhaps it was a beginning. Momentarily elated, he took off his hat and wiped his damp forehead with a handkerchief, and then, as he replaced his hat, he realised that it had happened. He had tapped twice with two fingers on his thumb. He always had to do this if things didn't work out in the right patterns, but this time he thought he had been able to stand firm.

Dejection seized him and tears came to his eyes; he looked hard at the ground, the muscles in his face twitching erratically. In a moment he was calm, but with the customary feeling of apathy. He looked about him, leaning on the barred fence of the railway line.

Across the line paddocks stretched uneventfully to the low ring of hills. How gently green and gold it was! The sunlight was not merely light, but colored light—light colored deeply gold. And the green of the trees and the grass was a sensible green, not a mad, savage mass of green steaming up evilly from a poisonous soil, not pressing down on one's brain and throwing out mothing, writhing tendrils into it, not the sickening, amorphous foliage wall from which a dead face gazed sightlessly, with down-drooping jaw . . .

"No!" he said violently, aloud. Then he shouted "No!" and jumped away from the fence.

Gradually the trembling passed and he looked anxiously about to see if anyone had noticed. The ticket-boy on the little station had come out and was staring towards him, but otherwise there was no one near enough to hear, he felt sure.

A surge of relief sent him back to stand under the cedar tree, and he managed to light a cigarette in an easy manner, for the benefit of the still staring ticket-boy, who at last turned and re-entered the office. He felt that he'd had a narrow escape, but it was perhaps fortunate that it had happened, because he was forewarned now.

He had been too optimistic, he'd felt that it would be easier than was actually the case; now he would go very carefully, take no more risks, attempt no great effort. He broke a twig from a cedar branch and carefully split it into two, then four, then eight, then sixteen pieces, finally letting them all slip to the ground in twos. Then, carefully exhaling double puffs of cigarette smoke, he again turned to his surroundings.

Nothing had stirred; the cows standing here and there in the paddocks had perhaps moved infinitesimally and the smoke from a chimney had drifted a tiny distance. Small sounds came from a long way

away; far down the line towards Sydney there was a little fawn, and from somewhere there he heard a horse whinnying.

Up on the sky-line was a group of buildings, half hidden by very massive gums. Yes, yes, he thought, stretching up to see more clearly, that was it: that was Laing's dairy. Adrian had told him just where it was—just there.

Eagerly he looked for further landmarks; Adrian had told him that they used to ride across the bridge over the creek—Bannerman's Creek, he'd said. Suddenly his eye caught the line of the creek, weaving in and out among the paddocks, almost at the foot of the hills. And there was the bridge with the two white posts and the great, white-stemmed gum bowing across it. Yes, by Jove, just as Adrian had told him.

The feeling of familiarity made him happy; the dreadful loneliness, the greatest of all his discomforts, was fading. He began to feel at ease again, and he sat up on the top bar of the fence, whistling softly. All at once he realised that Adrian was there beside him, sitting on the railing.

Incredulous joy swept over him and he began to talk excitedly to Adrian, and though he received no reply he felt happily reassured, for the very fact that Adrian was here with him in the daytime meant that he was pleased with Paul, that he realised that at last Paul was actually beginning his task in earnest.

ADRIAN had come back, and perhaps now he wouldn't come at night. Now that Paul was keeping his word, Adrian would let him rest at night . . . But his mind shuddered away from the thought. Of course, he didn't mention any of this to Adrian, for they both knew the reason for this return. He didn't in any way blame Adrian for coming at night. That was necessary. If he hadn't come like that, Paul might have let things drift, might have neglected his task.

No, he knew the old boy didn't want to torture him unnecessarily; it was just that Adrian knew that he, Paul, needed to be kept up to things, and Paul was really grateful for being reminded, for the sooner he fulfilled his promise the sooner he would be free—free to enjoy Adrian's company like this.

So he kept the conversation to cheerful subjects: he talked about his journey and pointed out the various places Adrian had described to him, showing him that he recognised them. After a while he was aware that he was alone again, and though he was slightly disappointed he felt wonderfully content.

He had known that it was wise to come, and here was the proof of it; it had been so impossible to convince them at the hospital place, and then at home he hadn't felt able to explain it at all. But he knew he had been right, and thank God they'd agreed at last to let him have this week-end to himself, to do what he had to do for Adrian.

They'd only given way after a long while, and then only because the psychiatrist had persuaded them. He was a nice fellow, Duncan, even if he

was a psychiatrist. Paul remembered, with a grin, the conversation he'd overheard between them, between Duncan and his mother.

"But, Doctor," he heard his mother say, her troubled voice filled with misgiving, "couldn't one of us go with him? We'll go anywhere he wants to go and for any time. But alone . . ."

And Duncan had replied soothingly, "It's a waste of time, Mrs. Quentin. The last trip you made with him was a failure, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes, it was terrible. He was worse than ever when we came back; but we couldn't have dreamed of letting him go alone then—he just couldn't get about."

"No," Duncan's voice broke in. "No, that's true. But that was several months ago, and the treatment he's had since then has done wonders. I think that this obsession of his may completely work itself out now, and I think he is quite sufficiently master of himself . . ."

And at length she'd given in. Thank God, thank God! Because now he was sure he was right; he was back with things he knew, not desperately struggling to exist in a world where he knew no one and was not known.

It was nearly three months since Adrian had left him and had come only at night; and Paul had known why. He had been terribly afraid that he had left it too late, that Adrian would not return, that he was too disgusted; but Adrian was always supremely understanding, and he would have realised that it was just because Paul couldn't get away that he'd had to postpone it. And now he was back in a countryside where Adrian had walked and lived and breathed, and they were together once more.

The relief made him madly happy, but the tears began to come again. He stood up, shook his head, and twisted his mouth frantically for a moment, and then walked slowly towards the little creeper-grown post office.

Mary Carmichael lifted her head as she counted the strokes of the chiming clock in the hall. Two, three, four, five. That meant that she must go in, but she stayed a moment longer squatting in the pathway as she tugged at the weeds in the corner by the steps.

It had been hot working in the windless air, but her time in the garden was so precious that she always worked feverishly while she was there. She looked with satisfaction at the bed she had just weeded; it looked better, the rich, black earth soft and healthy round the plants she had left. She bundled up the little pile of debris and took it down to the already burning heap just inside the orchard gate.

Dusk was deepening as she went back up the path, and there was darkness lying in the wistaria grove at the side of the house. Just as she turned to enter it she saw him. He was fumbling with the gate and the young wattle half hid his figure, but she knew he was a stranger.

Please turn to page 10

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7281 PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON



SWEET INNOCENCE

and winning ways
In childhood's care-free, happy days,
Then youth and love their joys impart—
The Springtime, long-time of the heart!
Along green lanes where lovers stray,
When chill winds greet the fading day,
All springtime sweethearts know, be sure,
The worth of Woods' Great
Peppermint Cure.

The Shades Will Not Vanish

Continued from page 9

FOR no reason she could think of, Mary felt alarmed, and her heart beat heavily and thickly for a moment; then as he came nearer she saw him clearly. He was tall and very thin, and he seemed preoccupied, for he didn't notice her until he was quite close, and then he stopped and looked at her without speaking.

He's ill, she thought. She smiled at him and his thin face changed, looked reassured.

"I'm Paul Quentin," he said. "I knew Adrian. I knew him well."

She said nothing for a moment, but stared at him. Dear God, she thought, will I never, never get over it! Will I always be shaken by this mad, sick rush of feeling to my heart whenever I hear his name suddenly?

Then it was gone, and, though the usual weakness followed, the weakness which made it hard for a moment to walk and talk, she was able to think of what she must do for this tall, young thing with the sensitive lips and the deeply searching, uneasy eyes.

"I'm glad you came," she said evenly. "It was good of you."

"I would have come a long time ago," he said eagerly, "but—but..." His eyes glanced away and his brows knitted, as if the explanation was beyond his ability to describe.

"But you've been ill, haven't you?" she asked calmly.

"Yes," he said, almost happily. "Yes, I was ill..."

Incongruity! she thought. Here are we two, talking gently together, surrounded everywhere by beauty—of scent and sound and scene. And he has known frightfulness and seen savagery and filth and torture; and Adrian died of it, and I will never forget.

"I'm Adrian's mother, of course," she said. "I hope you have come to stay a while with us, Paul. It will be a great pleasure to us all. Will you come inside with me now?"

"Yes, thank you," he answered happily. "Yes, I'd like to stay for a few days. You see, Adrian..." He broke off and looked at her urgently.

"Yes?" she prompted.

"Oh, no, really—but I'd like to stay, if I may."

She took his arm and together they went round to the front of the house.

Anthea drove rapidly once the car had ascended the hill at whose base Ambara lay stretched out before her.

There were a dozen things to do at home to prepare for John and Libby to-morrow, and then, later on, she must drive down to Thornfield, for what had, of necessity, become her almost nightly business discussion with Adrian's father.

What an endless over-exertion her life had become. Suddenly it occurred to her that

the most melancholy factor in the whole situation was that she felt thankful for the necessity to strive endlessly, that without this unbearable effort her life would indeed be unbearable. Oh, what a curse a mind was! If one could only turn it on or off like a wireless set or a gas tap!

There was the long whiteness of the house at Cedar Hill, clinging, limpet-like, to the hillside.

"A dachshund of a house," Adrian had said. "If it had a tail it would wag it joyfully as we come round this curve."

Joseph had opened the gates as usual. As Anthea swung herself out stiffly from the driver's seat, Cassie came hurrying out.

"Here you are at last, love," she said in her soft, slightly breathless tones. "I seen the car over the 'ill, so I run and put the bath on. And there's some tea made fresh for yer. Now you get into yer bath."

As she lay in the soothing hot water, Anthea reflected on the number of people who would envy her her material comfort—beautiful surroundings, wealth, a car, servants, luxurious clothes.

But if she had been forced to bring her children up on a widow's pension, perhaps she would have had no time to indulge in melancholy—only if she had been poor, no doubt the whole nightmare would have been undreamed.

IN fresh satin underclothes and her rich burgundy velvet house-gown, Anthea was reclining on the padded window-seat when Cassie brought in the tea.

"Turn the wireless on, will you, please, Cassie?" she asked.

"Someone talking," Cassie, turning the dial. "Blessed if I know why y' always want to 'ear 'em talk. There's only music—no, there's a feller tellin' the prices of vegetables. That do?"

"Lovely, thank you, Cassie."

"Why on earth yer want to know the price of cabbages"

Cassie finished her sentence outside the door.

Yes, Cassie dear, but you don't realise what a slow, insidious drug the wireless is, how it interrupts and stultifies thought. Anthea had a table wireless by her bed and often, at night, or when she woke early, she turned it on softly, thankful for cheap, silly music, for preposterous advertising claims, for the sound of a human voice—anything which came between her and thinking.

Less harmful, physically, perhaps, than sleeping tablets, but just as habit-forming, just as useful in keeping reality at bay.

When the five-twenty train pulled in to Ambara Station Megan Carmichael jumped out

and hurried down the platform. As she began to cross the square she altered her course suddenly and walked father over to the right, where she would be in the shadow of the cedar trees by the railway line, for just ahead of her, in the deepening dusk, were her sister Honor and Hester Laing.

As Megan skirted the edge of the square, unnoticed, Hester Laing climbed into her car and Honor shut the door and then, her school case and hat on the running-board, leant her elbows on the side of the car and went on talking.

So Honor was going to risk being more than ordinarily late. Oh, well, it was her own lookout, and Megan had more urgent things to think about.

She turned off the road into the bush-track. It would be a bit dim and stumbly this evening, but she'd need all the time she could save; she wanted to both and change before dinner, so that she could get away quickly afterwards.

It was going to be glorious to tell the news to Julian; but it was going to be very difficult to get him alone.

She'd worried all the way home in the train about the order in which she was going to tell everybody; she had even toyed with the idea of keeping it a secret, but she had realised that that would be impossible. The Honors lists would be in the paper on Monday morning, and the special awards on Tuesday.

Regretfully, she thought how good it would look to see it there: Proctor Travelling Scholarship, Megan V. Carmichael. Yes, in other circumstances it would have been rather wonderful and it was queer to remember, now that she was so anxious to be rid of the honor, how she had slaved to achieve it.

She faced the thought that she just didn't know how to deal with this situation, that it was too much for her; the thought of hurting and disappointing everybody by refusing her well-earned scholarship, the dread of trying to give some painfully inadequate explanation.

They would be bewildered, all of them, from Professor Hemsley, the dear old sweet, down. And how to answer their amazed questions? How could she conceal from them the fact that they were quite mistaken about her, that she was not just pleasant, agreeable Megan Carmichael, of whose progress in the field of literature they had been proud since the days when she used to win prizes in the Children's Corner competitions in the Sunday papers?

Supposing they discovered that instead she was a deeply emotional woman, passionately in love with a married man, devoted to him, prepared to give her future, her success, her whole life to him?

"What!" they'd say. "At twenty? Why, you're only a baby. You don't know your own mind. You'll be in and

PLAN FOR MODERN LIFE

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EFF**, one of America's highest paid illustrators, thinks that men and women should be redesigned for modern life.

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out of love a dozen times before you marry. Don't be silly, child."

Megan kicked gloomily at a stone. She was halfway home now and still she had decided nothing; anyway, she wouldn't tell them to-night; to-morrow would do, and then she'd have all to-night to make her plan.

Fortunately they'd never guess that she knew; it was quite by accident that she had met Prof. Hemsley at the University this afternoon, and it was out of the simple kindness of his heart that he'd invited her up to his room and, beamingly, told her the news.

She hoped that she hadn't let him down by her reception of the highly confidential communication. Probably he had attributed her rather inane remarks and her silences to an appropriate modesty.

He was going to be deeply disappointed in her, for she felt that he had plans for her future. It was all very unfortunate and complicated; but, painful as it was, it was nothing compared with the dread of leaving Julian for two long years.

Of course, nothing would ever happen to bring her closer to Julian; he would forever be beyond her reach, but all she wanted was to be somewhere where she could, by little arrangements, see him at least a couple of times a week. He was not unaware of her, she felt sure, but, naturally, there was nothing overt between them. How could there be, with his wife so overpoweringly present?

Megan remembered often, with shame, how she had pittingly agreed with the others that he was henpecked. She wrinkled her nose at the distasteful term. That was before she had come to understand and love Julian, before she had realised that it was the faithfulness of the artist in him which made him reluctant to provoke the crude scene which would follow if he exposed his wife's intentions.

Please turn to page 44

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





A Pocketful of Poses ...

Summer Breeze focuses you right into any picture, looking your very sweetest, whether in an informal party frock for a romp with the children or for an evening's jollity. And when beach or summer resort suggests something gayly appropriate, or even when you are being busily and prettily a career-girl, Summer Breeze will keep you cotton-crisply cool-looking - aware of your chic and the admiring glances it wins.

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Summer Breeze

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A MILE OF VALUE IN EVERY YARD

THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

• In this intimate life story of the Duchess of Windsor, which we will publish in weekly instalments, Colin Frame explains some of the qualities of the vivid woman for whom King Edward VIII abdicated. Is their romance undying, or will it, as rumors insist, break under abnormal strain?



FEW artists would describe the Duchess of Windsor as beautiful. She has good eyes and a well-shaped face, but her jaw is too hard and her nose too long.

Because the camera emphasises the slightest facial imperfection, she is in fact more beautiful than many photographs suggest.

She is lucky, of course, in having the sort of slim figure that is a dressmaker's delight.

The Duchess is 5ft. 4in.—three inches shorter than the Duke—and weighs about eight stone. Her measurements of 34-25-34 have hardly varied in the past ten years.

Upon this slim figure she has placed an everyday dress style which suits her, and within small limits it has not varied for fifteen years.

Her soft, very fine hair, which a puff of wind can blow quickly out of place, it always carefully and professionally dressed in the same style she found successful nearly twenty years ago—the hair parted in the centre, and then drawn back in shallow waves.

In her simple, direct way

the Duchess has written of her early training in dress sense: "What you learn in your childhood about clothes stays with you all your life. I was rather poor and had to buy clothes that would do for the morning, for shopping, for the afternoon—practical, long-wearing, all-day dresses."

The woman who has been a leader of fashion for 15 years and is constantly—rather to her annoyance—voted among the best-dressed women in the world knew what it was to wear cast-offs in childhood when she was Bessie Wallis Warfield.

Bessie was given her in honor of her cherished aunt, Mrs. Bessie Buchanan Merryman.

Wallis was her father's name. It was given her because her mother wanted a boy.

Although a member of a family well known in Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, he was only a clerk when he married Miss Alice Montague, a Virginian beauty of the day.

He was twenty. His wife was eighteen. And he died within a few weeks of Wallis's birth.

Bessie Wallis Warfield, born June 19, 1896, was taught at an early age the importance of the family name.

For a while it was all the dignity she had to fall back on. Her mother was not left well off. At her brownstone, three-story house, 212 East Biddle Street, there were two paying guests.

But it is wrong to imagine them as poor. Little Wallis could wander into the kitchen to talk with the colored cook, a typical Mamma whose Southern dishes the child was later to copy as the Duchess.

And there was also a daily servant.

When her daughter was still young, the Duchess' mother married again, Jack Freeman Rasin. Two years later he died.

Mrs. Rasin married a third time, Charles Gordon Allen, of Washington. She died in 1929.

Two other relatives seem to have played a larger part in the Duchess's upbringing at this impressionable time.

There was Grandma Warfield, who lived a short walk away in Preston Street, an exclusive row of houses where each had marble front steps.

Most important was Uncle Sol—Solomon Davies Warfield, who was Postmaster of Baltimore, later head of a railway. He was rich. He was a bachelor.

THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR, at left, with school friends. Mary Kirk (centre) was a bridesmaid at Wallis Warfield's first wedding. She later married Ernest Simpson, the Duchess' second husband.

From the first he took a great interest in his lively niece. He bought her favorite dresses. He paid for her schooling. He gave her £10,000 as her first wedding present.

Until she was 16 Wallis attended a private day school called Arundel, an easy walk from her home.

At 16 Wallis Warfield was sent to Oldfields, one of the most exclusive schools in Maryland.

"Gentleness and courtesy" admonished a notice on the dormitory wall, "are expected of girls at all times."

And Gentleness and Courtesy were the names of the two teams competing at the school at basketball. Wallis played for Gentleness, a team which rarely lived up to its name and regularly knocked the stuffing out of Courtesy.

This is one of the few records in existence of the Duchess of Windsor playing games.

Unlike her royal husband, whose fondness for steeple-chasing made an Empire anxious, she does not ride. She rarely swims or plays tennis, at both of which she used to be adept. She does not shoot. She dislikes flying.

There was none of the free-and-easy modern American co-education about Oldfields. If any girl received a letter from a boy she was expected to show it to Miss Nan McCulloch, the dignified, terrifying headmistress.

There is a story of the Duchess' schooldays that Miss

First honeymoon in Atlantic City

Nan, horrified to hear that some of her girls had written to boys, invited them to go to her room to confess.

Poor Miss Nan. Of her 56 girls, 54 made the confession. Miss Wallis Warfield was among the majority.

Each summer Wallis went to an exclusive summer camp for girls in Virginia.

Wallis shone at amateur theatricals at these camps, and there she began to take a lead in dress and fashion. It was she who first introduced the hobble-skirt which was to become a pre-war rage. She was the first to have her hair bobbed.

A picture of the popular Miss Warfield at school-leaving age was given by a Baltimore woman a few years ago.

"It was Wallis who first introduced the one-step to Baltimore," she said. "No one in town could approach the grace with which she danced it."

"She was not exactly beautiful, but people used to rave about her violet eyes and her slender, flower-like figure. But we all adored her liveliness."



AS MRS. EARL WINFIELD SPENCER, 1916 bride of a pioneering U.S. Navy pilot.

She had personal charm to an extraordinary degree."

This was the eighteen-year-old Wallis Warfield, who made her bow as a debutante to Baltimore society on December 7, 1914.

She wore white satin trimmed with pearls, and her shoulders were veiled with chiffon. And she carried roses. Her hair style was new, a roll from forehead to crown and then coiled at the back of her head.

In the winter of the following year Miss Wallis Warfield met her first husband.

Lieutenant Earl Winfield Spencer, Jun., was then a skillful, pioneering pilot in the counter - part of Britain's Fleet Air Arm.

With flying in its daring, glamorous infancy, Lieutenant

Spencer, a slim six-footer, with dark hair and eyes and small moustache, must have appeared more than an ordinary mortal to the girl from Baltimore when they met at a dance at Pensacola, in Florida.

Miss Wallis Warfield had gone there for a winter holiday with her cousin, whose husband was an instructor at the flying school, one of the first in the U.S. Navy.

She and Lieutenant Spencer met, friends remember, at an ordinary garrison dance.

But to Miss Warfield in her soft blue dress and to Lieutenant Spencer in his blue uniform it was far from ordinary. It is said that he stood poised at the doorway, saw her, and asked who she was.

A friend had hardly begun to explain before he had furrowed a pathway through the dancers to her side to introduce himself.

When she left there was no engagement, but courtship by correspondence went on for six months, and in the summer the pair met again in Washington.



BESSIE WALLIS WARFIELD with her mother. Even as a child the Duchess disliked her first name, was amused by the second, and immensely proud of the third. At one time she signed herself "Wallis," but for years she has used the name the Duke prefers—Wallis.

On September 19, 1916, they were engaged, and a month later they married.

The wedding was at Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, Baltimore, on November 8, 1916.

Six bridesmaids, dressed in orchid-colored faille and blue velvet, followed her to the altar. The bridesmaids had blue velvet hats, and their flowers were unusual ones for those days — yellow snapdragons.

The bride's dress was of white panne velvet, embroidered with pearls. A half-crown of orange blossom held her tulle veil. And in her arms were white orchids.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Spencer spent their honeymoon at White Sulphur Springs and Atlantic City.

Then back to Pensacola, where by now Lieut. Spencer had passed his course and was an instructor. Within a few months, in April, 1917, America was at war.

Lieutenant Spencer was an ambitious and efficient officer. He was chosen to found an air school at San Diego. In later years he rose to high rank and commanded aircraft-carriers. He died in 1950.

Probably the most sympathetic explanation of why his marriage broke up was given by him in 1936.

"Wallis is one of the finest women I have ever known," he told reporters. "My work did not allow me to partake of the social life she loved so dearly. Gradually we drifted apart."

It was 1921 when the Spencers moved to Washington, and when her husband went on to Shanghai that they had begun to agree that their marriage had been a mistake. Mrs. Spencer stayed behind in Washington.

There she renewed her friendship with Aunt Bessie (Mrs. Buchanan Merryman) and, as a friend of many well-connected in America's capital city, she began to attend important receptions.

But by 1924 Mrs. Spencer had decided to join her husband and try to make a success once more of her marriage. She packed in a hurry and set off for Shanghai.

After a year, Mrs. Spencer left Shanghai for Virginia. On

December 6, 1927, Judge George Latham Fletcher dissolved the marriage on the grounds of Lieutenant Spencer's desertion.

Within a few months the future Duchess of Windsor was busy packing. She was off with her Aunt Bessie to see Europe.

Major Ernest Aldrich Simpson's name was on a list of people she hoped to look up in London.

Mr. Ernest Simpson was—and still is—a tall and handsome man.

He is a Briton born in America. He went to Harvard, but left during the 1914-18 war and joined the Guards, in which he gained a commission. After the war he joined the City firm of Simpson, Spence, and Young, which charters ships.

His work took him travelling the world and it was while on a visit to America that he first met Wallis Spencer. Mr. Simpson set himself to be the tourist's guide in London.

Second honeymoon in Spain

In a few weeks he had proposed and been accepted. Two days after her 32nd birthday they married at Chelsea Registry Office. Mr. Simpson was then 31.

It was a lounge-suit-and-afternoon-dress affair, with a honeymoon in Spain and the Mediterranean.

Back in London, Mrs. Simpson began to display her taste as a home-maker.

One of the first things people noticed when they visited the Simpsons was the neat, place-for-everything look about the flat.

Her love of tidiness is, she will admit herself, almost a fetish.

"My doctor tells me he could build me up," she is quoted as having told a friend with a smile, "if only I would stop moving ash-trays three inches."

The couple made some friends at the American Embassy, the most important of whom was Mr. Benjamin Thaw, First Secretary.

Mrs. Thaw was sister of Thelma Lady Furness, at that

time a friend of the Prince of Wales.

Lady Furness took a great liking to the intelligently amusing Mrs. Simpson. They had much in common.

Many of their friends thought that they were alike physically as well. Lady Furness was the darker, but she had for years parted her hair centrally, and when she persuaded her new friend to adopt this style they could, some people thought, be taken for sisters.

It was probably Lady Furness who suggested that Mrs. Simpson should be presented at Court.

But Mrs. Simpson was at first uninterested in the idea. She is said to have protested that she was no longer a debutante, that such presentations were for eighteen-year-olds, that she had "nothing to wear" for the occasion, and that she was not going to spend money on a once-only gown.

But she was persuaded. She borrowed the gown with its court train and the three white plumes which made the presentation regalia.

And on the evening of June 10, 1931, Mrs. Ernest Simpson made her curtsy to King George V.

The King in full court dress sat on a golden throne. Beside King George sat Queen Mary in a gown and train of her favorite blue, the darker blue Order of the Garter across her breast.

And beside them stood the Prince of Wales, also in court dress.

The Prince watched Mrs. Simpson as she made her curtsy. He had met her a few months earlier. He noticed particularly her grace and dignity.

After this presentation her circle of friends grew rapidly. Hardly a day passed without an invitation to a dance, the theatre, or to go racing. Week-ends were often spent at great country houses filled with names from Debut.

And in turn she began to do more entertaining herself.

When the Duke and Duchess of Windsor first met and spoke together he was 36 and she was 34.

It was spring, 1931, at Mel-



HAPPINESS of the Duke and Duchess when dancing together at a ball in New York recently belied rumors of domestic differences. The Duke says he is "more in love with Wallis than when we were married 14 years ago."

ton Mowbray, the great hunting centre, where the Prince was staying the week-end.

The weather was miserably damp and foggy. Mrs. Simpson had no great interest in fox-hunting or in riding, which were the main topics of the house party. And she had a shocking cold in the head.

When they were introduced the Prince sympathised with her on the fact and murmured something conventional about her missing, as an American, the central heating of which her country had so much and Britain so little.

She said: "I'm sorry, Sir, but you have disappointed me."

"In what way?" "Every American woman who comes to your country is always asked that same question. I had hoped for something more original from the Prince of Wales."

The Prince smiled and moved away to talk to someone else. But the unconventional answer lingered in his mind.

After that he found himself more and more in her company. He describes in his Memoirs how he liked to drop into the Simpsons' flat in

Bryanston Court to tea whenever he was in London.

"Everything in it was in exquisite taste and the food, in my judgment, unrivalled in London. Wallis had an expert knowledge of cooking. But beyond that she had a polarising attraction for gay, lively, and informing company."

In those words the Duke has summed up precisely what all the Duchess' friends felt about her in those days.

It was 1934 before the Prince and Mrs. Simpson were seen publicly together.

During 1935 they were seen together very often.

That year the Prince found himself falling in love with the gay and charming American from Baltimore.

He puts it this way in his Memoirs: "In character, Wallis was, and still remains, complex and elusive, and from the first I looked upon her as the most independent woman I had ever met."

"And then one day she began to mean more to me in a way that she did not perhaps comprehend. My impression is that for a long time she remained unaffected by my interest."

Winter came and King George V fell ill. His reign

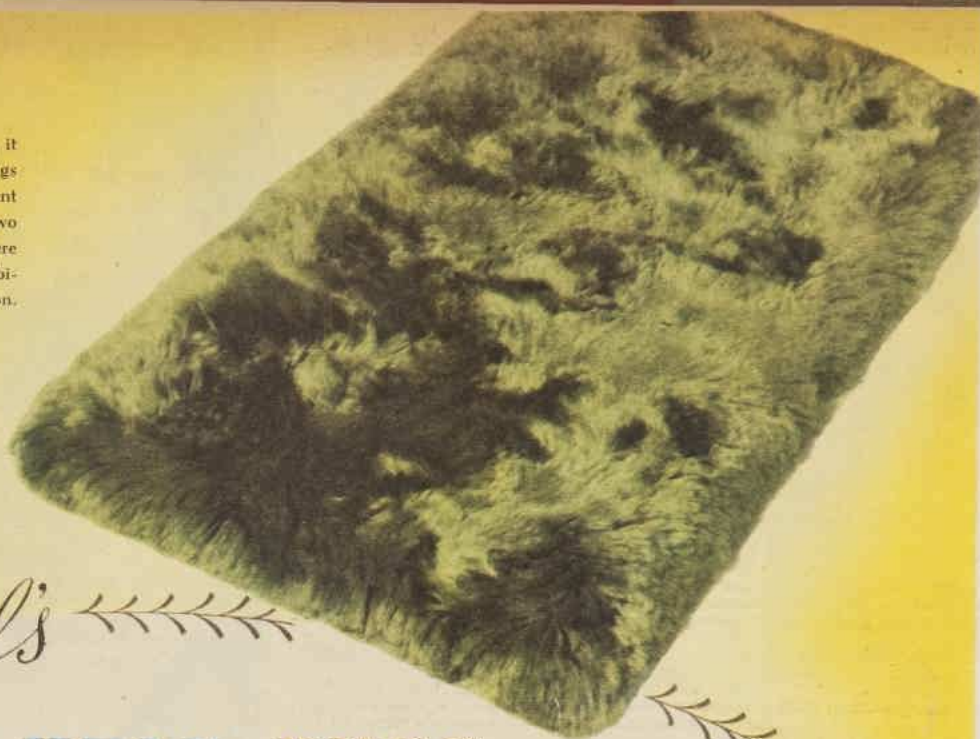
of 25 years came to an end. And Edward VIII became King.

That grey morning, as his accession was being proclaimed in London, he stood with a few friends in St. James' Palace to watch through the windows Garter King of Arms proclaim . . . "the High and Mighty Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David . . . rightful Liege Lord Edward the Eighth, by the Grace of God of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the seas, King Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India . . ."

By his side, as he watched, stood the woman for whom before the year was out he was to renounce those proud titles in order that he might be called her husband.

● Next week, in another long instalment, Colin Frame traces the Duchess' life through her second divorce, the abdication crisis, and the glamorous wedding to the Duke.

As the original makers of mohair rugs, it was only fitting that Field's Skelmet rugs should have been featured in the recent Festival of Britain exhibition. The two Skelmet rugs illustrated on this page were specially dyed to these shades and exhibited in the Homes and Gardens section.



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Elizabeth prepares for Canadian tour



GLAMOROUS EVENING GOWN. For formal evening occasions during the Royal visit to Canada, Princess Elizabeth will have a superb array of specially designed dresses. Here the Princess and the Duke of Edinburgh attend a ball at the Dorchester Hotel, London.

Princess will take wedding gifts of mink coat, jewels

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

The Canadian people will have the chance to see Princess Elizabeth wearing the beautiful mink coat they presented to her several years ago when she visits Canada with the Duke of Edinburgh in September.

SHE will take the coat with her as part of a lavish wardrobe that will also include specially designed dresses, suits, and a magnificent array of jewellery.

The nip in the autumn air will provide plenty of opportunities for the coat to be worn. The Princess recently had an inventory of her jewels made in a blue, morocco-bound book studded with a diamond initial "E."

One entry is of a priceless pink diamond, which was a wedding gift from a Canadian, Dr. H. T. Williamson, who owns diamond mines in Tanganyika, Africa.

An inch-wide necklace and a pendant of pearls, diamonds, and large rubies were wedding gifts from the King and Queen.

Princess Elizabeth will wear the pendant with a diamond and pearl tiara, studded with rubies.

She also has a brace of maple leaves she will wear either as two clips—one in her hat and the other in the lapel of her coat—or joined together to make a handsome brooch.

The diamond tiaras in the Princess' collection were all wedding presents.

Her favorite earrings—they are diamond with pearl flower clusters—were given to her on her 21st birthday.

A diamond necklace and a tiara from the Nizam of Hyderabad and a necklace of

96 rubies from the people of Burma are other wedding gifts that will be taken to Canada.

Fortunately for Princess Elizabeth and the Duke, the autumn season will show Canada off at its loveliest and most colorful.

The Royal couple will see fewer ancient buildings than they are accustomed to view, but they will see works of nature on a grand scale—Niagara Falls and the Rocky Mountains, the brilliant color effects of forest and plains, all in an atmosphere that is clear and bright and as stimulating as champagne.

They will see, too, engineering works and production of food on a large scale—the grain elevators towering from prairie lands, booms on mighty rivers, and mining camps in the wilderness.

Princess Elizabeth will take her own standard, which will fly over Rideau Hall, Government House, Ottawa, where she and the Duke will be the guests of the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Alexander, and Lady Alexander.

The Royal Standard will also fly wherever they stay in their coast-to-coast journey across the continent.

Highlights of social events in Ottawa will be at Rideau House, where at least one glittering and impressive reception will be held.

A garden party will also be held in the beautiful grounds.

The Royal tour itinerary will include the Chateau



MINK COAT. This is the mink coat, presented to Princess Elizabeth by the people of Canada, that will also accompany her on her Dominion tour.

Frontenac Hotel at Quebec, and the Banff Springs Hotel in the heart of the Rockies, where they will pause in their journey to the west amid incomparable scenery.

In Quebec Princess Elizabeth will make her speeches in French. She will converse in French, in which she is fluent, in the French-speaking provinces.

A visit will be made to the Plains of Abraham beyond the Citadel at Quebec, where Wolfe defeated Montcalm and won Canada for the British.

In spite of assurances that the visit is to be kept as simple as possible, Canadian women are forming committees and making plans for a welcome no less warm than that given to the King and Queen in 1939.

Already mayors are appealing to private citizens to help house the hundreds of thousands of visitors who will invade their towns.

Entire populations are preparing to march to airfields and railway sidings just to get a glimpse of the Royal couple as they move through Canada.



DIAMOND AND RUBY PENDANT. Princess Elizabeth, wearing one of the lovely jewellery pieces she will take with her to Canada next September, accepts a toy store for Princess Anne at a recent function in London.

Special grandstands are being designed to enable crowds, including visitors from the United States, to glimpse the Princess and her husband.

At least a quarter of the visitors in each town are expected to be Americans.

Everywhere along the Royal route will be slick Canadian Mounties forming a guard of honor and a protective cordon.

Red Indians of the Iroquois tribe, who live peacefully in Caughnawaga, are having dress rehearsals for a full-scale pow-wow to honor the Princess and the Duke.

Other Indians will dress in tribal regalia and man their war canoes for the Royal visitors' benefit.

But the most impressive ceremonies of the tour may occur at the Canadian-U.S. border.

Plans are being made that should the Princess and the Duke go on to the United States there will be celebrations to symbolize the close friendship between the U.S. and the British Commonwealth.

The honor of dressing Princess Elizabeth for the visit will be divided between Norman Hartnell and Hardy Amies.

Amies is one of the "Big Ten," whose models are most popular in the U.S.

He has a more classic line than Hartnell, and is famous for his tailoring.

Hartnell is already making the crinolines of rich satins heavily encrusted with jewels and the garden party and evening dresses for which he is so noted.

They have a distinctly English feeling, and catch the right note of pageantry and romanticism for the tour.

The two designers have al-

ready left the first batches of sketches at Clarence House.

Nearly all the evening gowns in Hartnell's spring collection were full length, with only an occasional short one in lace for restaurant and cocktail wear.

It will be interesting to see whether he keeps to this "full-length" trend when designing for the Princess.

It is possible that he may make at least one evening dress for her in cotton.

Last January he presented an evening model called "Washing Day."

It was white backless pique with huge embroidered lapels and a slim skirt.

Hardy Amies, whose Savile Row establishment is the most attractive commercial house in London, can be expected to

show a marked American influence in his designs for the tour.

The British Board of Trade and Ministry of Labor have co-operated with him in selling to the U.S. market.

The Princess had few important pieces of jewellery before her 21st birthday.

On most occasions she wore the regimental cipher of the Grenadier Guards, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief.

The regiment gave it to her on her 16th birthday.

One of her first rich gifts of jewellery was a case of 400 diamonds, worth about £25,000, presented to her at her 21st birthday dance at Government House, Capetown, by Field-Marshal Smuts on behalf of the people of South Africa.

OUR COVER GIRL

DARK-HAIRED Valerie Strong, the "undiscovered beauty" on our cover this week, makes hats for an exclusive Sydney hat shop.

She and photographer J. G. Young, of Hunter's Hill, Sydney, will each receive £50 for the photograph.

Valerie, who is 18, is the daughter of Mr. Harold George Strong, an Administration officer in Port Moresby. She lives with her mother at Greenwich, Sydney.

She is a member of the N.S.W. Amateur Swimming Association, and a "water nymph," which means she is a member of the association's water ballet which gives shows all over the State.



VALERIE STRONG, at her job in a hat shop. In her spare time she is learning dress-designing at Sydney Technical College.

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Crayfish earn dollars in U.S.

By WIN BISSET, staff reporter

Australia's crayfishing fleet, operating in the lagoon waters of the coral atolls of the Abrolhos Islands off Geraldton, W.A., earned £1,000,000 worth of dollars last year with nearly 3,000,000 pounds of fish.

AUSTRALIAN snap-frozen crayfish tails are sold in America as rock lobster.

American buyers who flew to Geraldton recently said that they will take as many tails as Australia can send.

The crayfishing industry began in a small way in 1946.

It has expanded so quickly since then that four modern factories have been built at Geraldton to handle the crabs.

The modern lines of these buildings stand out in bold relief to the century-old houses of the port to which the industry has brought new life.

Australia's opportunity to break into the American market came when the South African trade in "crayfish," as they are called there, declined because the fishing grounds had been overworked.

When Australian crayfish appeared on the market in 1946, America took everything offering, whether well packed, badly packed, or indifferently graded.

The industry is now well established and highly organised under Commonwealth Government supervision.

Last year South Africa spent £1,000,000 to advertise their crayfish in America, but not a penny was needed to push Australian sales.

The fisherman's life in the Abrolhos is ruled by the wind.

When the southerly whips up the waters of the lagoon, and mountainous seas pound outside, the small fishing craft remain anchored at their moorings. So does the supply boat on the mainland.

The supply boat carries food, water, ice, mail, and petrol for the boats from Geraldton, 40 miles away.

On the return trip she carries crabs.

Only one woman

MRS. JEAN WHITE is the only fisherwoman in the area.

She lives with her husband, who is a former Civil Aviation Department official, in a two-roomed shack on one of the mangrove islands of the Group.

Last year the roof was blown off twice in gales.

It is a hard life, but the Whites like it.

"Before we were married we could always be found fishing on the pier," Mrs. White said.

Her main job is steering the boat through the maze of coral lumps or reefs, all of which have to be memorised.



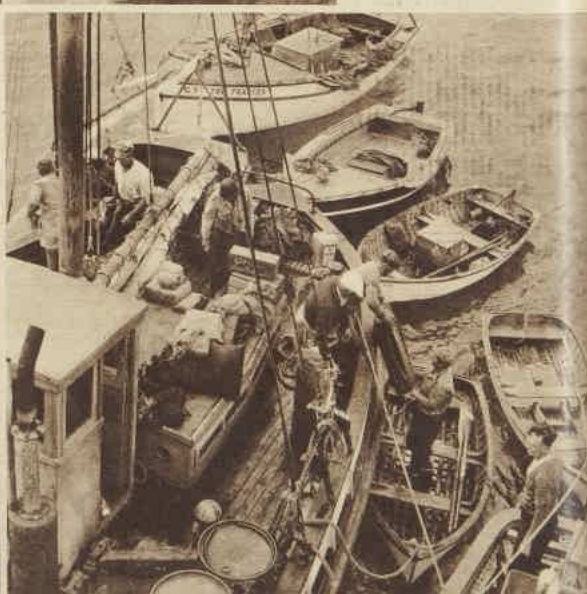
A FINE HAUL. Bill Norris went to the Abrolhos for a holiday, liked the life, and has become a crayfisherman.



CRAYFISHERMEN prepare the bait while the boat ploughs its way to the nearest marker buoy. Fish and meat baits are used.



LONG HAUL. From 30 fathoms deep the craypot is brought to the surface.



MAIL DAY. The supply and carrying boat, Batavia Road, arrives at Mangrove Island with mail and food for the fishermen.



ONLY FISHERWOMAN. Mrs. Jean White, mends a crayfish pot. The house behind her is made entirely of coral.

On boat day—the morning on which the supply boat returns to Geraldton with its load of live crays—Mrs. White is up at 4 a.m. helping her husband take the crays out of the "holding" crates and put them into bags ready for loading.

After that they have a hot breakfast; and then out crayfishing again.

They do not return for lunch. The rule of the islands is "two meals a day."

As well as steering and helping her husband handle the crays, she has to do her share of catching fish for crayfish bait.

She has the technique now, and pulls in snapper weighing anything up to 15lb.

"But I keep an eye on my hands," said Mrs. White.

She wears gloves in the boat, and at night rubs protective cream on her hands.

To safeguard the crayfish industry the Commonwealth Fisheries Department has instituted restrictions.

- The crayfishing season extends only from April 1 until the end of August.

- Fishermen are allowed to operate in one area only in any year.

- Heavy fines are imposed for marketing undersized crayfish.

- Fishermen and boat crews must be licensed.

- Factory ships in which crayfish are processed are not allowed in the Abrolhos area.

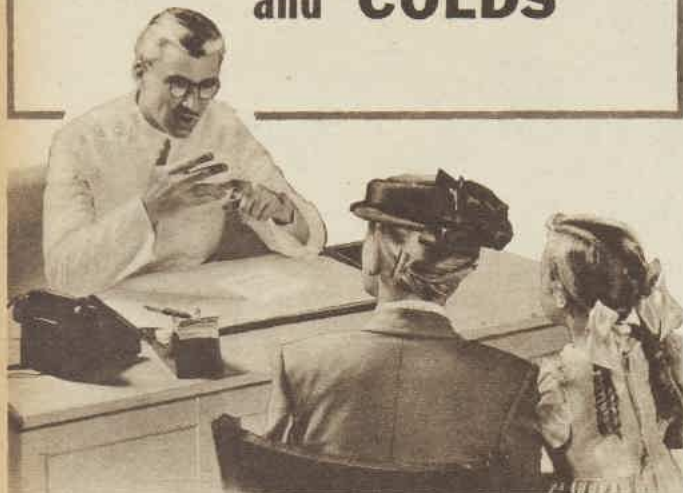
Inspection ships are always on the alert to police these regulations.



DAWN LOADING. Fishermen transfer crayfish from holding crates into bags. The crays are then taken to the mainland.

HOLDING CRATES for crayfish are moored and buoyed within the anchorage. Crayfish may be kept in the floating crates for as long as 14 days before being bagged and taken to Geraldton for snap freezing.

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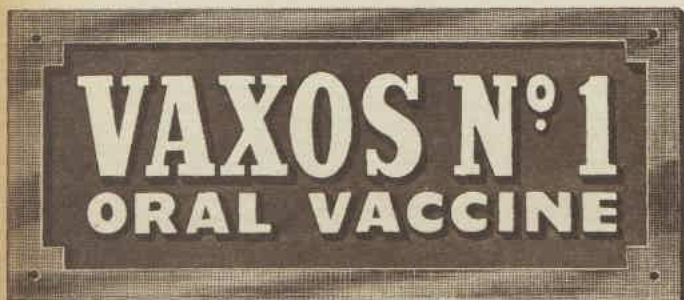
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BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

To Raymond Fern, Forest Officer of the Imperial Indian Forest Service, tigers were more interesting than women. He found the stalking of one desperately exciting, the stalking of the other far too easy.

WITH boundless energy and boundless gaiety, Fern with his easy manner, warmth, and complete lack of snobbery of any kind was immensely attractive to women of all ages and types.

In "At Sundown, the Tiger," Ethel Mannin shows Fern, its central character, first as an Oxford undergraduate determined at all costs not to follow his grandfather and father into the Army.

Miss Mannin has always been a mercilessly accurate analyst of her own sex. This is her description of Raymond Fern's mother, wife of the Colonel whose son summed him up as preferring to be shot rather than to circulate the port in the wrong direction: "She was pretty in a pale, puffy, over-made-up, Pekingese sort of way. Given adoration from husband, lover, or son, would have blossomed into a charming, ageless middle-aged; as it was, a dry-rot of inner despair destroyed her, spiritually and physically."

Having thrilled in childhood to his grandfather's stories of that matchless mixture of fear with joy known only to those in pursuit of the "beautiful, solitary, splendid, and tragic beast," the tiger, Raymond decides to join the Indian Forest Service.

His unexpected friendship with the scholarly ascetic Alex Cairns, his Professor of Forestry at Edinburgh, first rouses his interest in Indian mysticism.

Despite Raymond's assertion that life to him is only a great adventure and not a great mystery, Professor Cairns prophesies that Fern will know the Buddhist truth the day he stands face to face with his last tiger.

It takes Aline, of Calvinistic stock, red-headed dispenser at the Medical Mission in Assam, the girl whom he so surprisingly marries, to teach Raymond that he can love as well as lust.

It is when he meets his last tiger and the tragedy of the killing of an Indian house-boy is driving him to thoughts of suicide that Raymond Fern realises that life for him holds no further adventure, only a great mystery.

The background of the Himalayan foothills, Indian forests, and the thrill of tiger shoots gives an unexpected interest to Miss Mannin's story.

It is a book that should appeal equally to men and women.

"At Sundown, the Tiger" is published by Jarrolds, London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

AT SUNDOWN, THE
TIGER
by Ethel Mannin.
NO ARMS, NO ARMOUR
By Robert Henriques.

ROBERT HENRIQUES' "No Arms, No Armour," like Miss Mannin's story, is set in the years between the two wars.

Another resemblance is that the inner theme of each novel is the awakening of its central character from a concern only with robust physical enjoyment to an awareness of spiritual values.

There the similarity ends. Cavalry Second-Lieutenant Tubby Windrush's sporting interests are horses, polo, hunting, and racing.

Army life is the story's background, and all but one character is an Army man.

When Tubby's battery is sent to the Sudan to quell a native rising, its commanding officer, and Tubby's greatest friend, is killed.

His place is taken by



ETHEL MANNIN

"Daddy" Watson, despite his ill-temper, drunkenness, and cynicism a memorable and sympathetic character.

For long, morale-lowering months the unit remains neglected and forgotten, holding a crumbling desert fort.

On his return from a trek on which he nearly dies of thirst, Tubby needs all his new maturity.

News awaits him of a death that touches him as closely as did that of his friend Sammy.

He also learns that he has been recalled to England. But soldiering had served its purpose. Tubby is ready for something more than polo and regimental toying.

When Lydia, whom he thought was in America, surprises him by meeting him at the wharf, she asks Tubby, "What ARE you?"

"Blessed if I know," he answers, sincerely puzzled. "Scarcely a soldier."

Henriques knows his polo, Army character, and the desert. The general novel reader will find "No Arms, No Armour" in its revised version (it was first published in 1939) a good, sound novel.

"No Arms, No Armour" is published by Collins, London. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

Editorial

Vol 19, No. 8. July 25, 1951

PLIGHT OF ABORIGINES

OF all minorities in Australia which suffer because their needs are apparently unheeded amid the clamor of opposing pressure groups, the plight of the aborigines is one of the most pitiable.

Lack of understanding, plus the enormous and pressing problems brought about by the rapid development of this country in the 19th century, may have been an excuse in the past.

If Australia is to avoid a shameful page in her history this excuse must not be prolonged because of present-day problems.

The Commonwealth Government has announced that a conference will be held shortly, to which State Ministers will be invited, with the object of establishing an Australian council of native welfare.

An organisation similar to that established in New Guinea by the Commonwealth Government could do good work in this direction.

There, specially trained teachers, welfare workers, and government officials watch the interests of the natives. Efforts are being made to preserve their culture and to maintain them in dignity and independence.

Singer Harold Blair and artist Namatjira are two aborigines who have proved that people of their race can compete successfully with fellow Australians.

But many aborigines have not the incentive or ability to reach the positions that the brilliant few have attained.

The rights of the rank and file, as individuals, must not be overlooked. They should be guarded, too, against the danger that they will be dispossessed of their hereditary culture as they have been of their hereditary territory.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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BILLYCART JUBILEE ...

FOR boys between the ages of ten and 15 the most important Commonwealth Jubilee Celebrations are the Australia-wide Soap Box Derby being conducted in all States by Apex Clubs for the Jubilee Celebrations Sporting Sub-committee.

A touch of real speedway glamor is given by the inclusion in the programmes of a professional section, in which model racing cars with nominated drivers are entered by business firms. But Soap Box Derbies take on their real character from the models made by

myriads of boys who spend weeks in backyards making their billycars for the home-made sections.

District winners will compete in State championships, winners of which will be eligible for the Australasian Championship at Geelong in October. The N.S.W. final will be held in Sydney on September 1.

These pictures were taken by staff photographer W. Howarth at Port Kembla, N.S.W., Soap Box Derby held in its main street on a recent Saturday afternoon.



DEMON DRIVERS: Bill Fitch, 14 (left), Brian Pearson, 15, and Noel Summers, 12, fight for the lead in the early stage of their heat. The rules say drivers must be unaccompanied.



OFFICIALS carefully check the specifications of the car driven by David Croger, 12, of Warranong, via Port Kembla. Cars must not exceed 72in. x 42in.



HERO WORSHIP for Harry Cox, 10, who won the commercial section (restricted weight). Harry completed the 440-yard course in 29 seconds.



SPEEDWAY STAR'S pre-race tension is shown by driver Don Massey, 15, as he moodily cleans goggles, while mechanic Ken Tatnell, 15, checks the car.



PORT KEMBLA'S MAIN STREET is a scene of intense activity as mechanics manoeuvre cars and billycars for the start of the grand parade. Commercial section cars have two foot-control brakes.



STARTING RAMP. Mechanics hold home-made section entrants steady while they wait for starter's signal. Winner of section final was Alan Horsfall, 12.



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GREAT BRITAIN'S HIGH CHANCELLOR, Viscount Jowitt, and his wife, who is coming to Australia with him for the Law Convention in Sydney next month, have their home in an apartment in the House of Lords.



INDIAN VISITORS to the convention will be the Chief Justice, Sir Harilal Jekisondas Kania, and his wife and daughter. The Kanias share a wide variety of interests, particularly in sport.



LADY KANIAS has a practice swing on the lawn of her home in India. She wears a sari for golf, squash, and tennis. She believes she would not play sport so well in any other costume.

Distinguished guests for big law conference

"Legal eagles" will wear vivid plumage for opening session

Women spectators at the opening session of the Law Convention in the Sydney Town Hall on August 8 can expect to be outshone by the 50 judges on the platform.

The scarlet and ermine of the Australian judges' robes will be a background for the magnificent gold robe of the High Chancellor of England, Viscount Jowitt.

WOMEN can also expect to be completely out-talked by the 1000 lawyers who will be in Sydney for the convention, which ends on August 17. Organisers of the convention want the opening session to be spectacular and to provide some of the pageantry which many Australians feel is missing from public functions.

Leaders of the legal profession in most of the British Commonwealth countries and distinguished American lawyers will attend the convention.

The Australian Government, the Nuffield Foundation, and the Australian Jubilee Celebrations Committee have enabled the Law Council to invite overseas visitors.

Lady Jowitt is coming with her husband. They will arrive on August 6.

Another distinguished visitor from Great Britain will be the Master of the Rolls and head of the Court of Appeal, Sir Raymond Evershed, who will reach Sydney on August 7 with his wife.

An unusual figure at the opening session will be the Chief Justice of India, the Hon. Sir Harilal Kanias, who will wear the legal dress of his country—a black robe buttoned to the throat, and a red turban.

Overseas visitors who will not be able to shine sartorially will be the Chief Justice of Canada, the Right Hon. Thibaudeau Rinfret, the President of the American Bar Association, Mr. Cody Fowler, and the dean of the Harvard Law School, Professor Erwin Griswold.

Canadian judges do not wear wigs and wear black gowns.

Mr. Fowler and Professor Griswold will wear evening dress at the opening ceremony.

The High Chancellor of Great Britain will lead the procession from the vestibule of the Town Hall to the platform.

He will be preceded by a bearer carrying the Purse of State, in which theoretically the Great Seal of the Realm is carried, and will be followed by a train-bearer.

This is the custom on official occasions.

Viscount Jowitt is sending his robes and those of the two bearers to the Law Council.

Tipstaffs to two N.S.W. judges will probably be co-opted to act as bearers to the High Chancellor. It will be a case of whoever can fit into the robes will wear them.

Big social programme

It is believed that the gold robe Lord Jowitt wears was designed when Francis Bacon was High Chancellor in Elizabeth's reign.

The convention will have daily sittings, at which papers will be read by prominent legal men, but a large number of social and sporting functions have been arranged, too. Church services will be held at St. Andrew's Cathedral at 10 a.m. on Sunday, August 12, and at St. Mary's Cathedral at 11 a.m.

A service will be held at the Great Synagogue at 9.45 a.m. on Saturday, August 11.

The Law Council is making a special effort so that the most junior member of the profession will have the same chance of meeting the overseas visitors as the senior ones.

Australians who meet Lady Jowitt will find she is a personality in her own right.

She is a talkative and humorous woman.

Although she has never entered public life, Lady Jowitt says she has been with her husband all the way in his "hectic career."

She gave him her private support when in 1929 he crossed from the Liberal to the Labor Party.

"I was born a Tory," she said in an interview in London, "so I know what goes on in all parties. No one can force me."

Lady Jowitt was a wartime driver.

"I remember," she said "driving General de Gaulle in June, 1940, when he made his speech in London after the fall of France."

"He asked me if England would give in. I laughed in his face."

Lady Jowitt delights in her House of Lords apartment with its unusual view of the Thames—downstream to Wordsworth's Westminster Bridge, and upstream to Lambeth and the Archbishop of Canterbury's Palace.

Talking about her husband's career, Lady Jowitt said she liked to confuse people by saying she had been married to three generals—Attorney-General, Solicitor-General, and Paymaster-General.

Lady Jowitt sews pet-point as a hobby, and has covered two chairs, one for each of her grandchildren. Her daughter is Mrs. Wynne Williams, wife of a London gynaecologist.

Lady Evershed is of a much more retiring disposition than Lady Jowitt.

She divides her time between a Norfolk farm, where she is building up a Jersey herd, and her flat at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

In 1946 Lady Evershed was reluctantly dragged into the public light when her husband ruled that the word "oomph" had no salacious meaning when applied to women's footwear.

A firm had applied for registration of the trademark "Oomphies."

At the time of the hearing Lady Evershed was quoted in the Press as saying: "Every woman knows what oomph means."

Lady Evershed says she has never taken any part in public life, and would not know what to do if she had to speak before an audience.

She is a talented linguist, and last year went to Venice and recruited two Italian families to work with her on her farm.

Her post-war hobby is book-binding. She is busy re-binding in leather many works published recently which she feels deserve better binding.

The Chief Justice of India, Sir Harilal Jekisondas Kanias, is already in Australia, but his wife and 27-year-old daughter will not reach here until the day before the convention opens.

This Indian family will probably be among the most colorful visitors to the convention.

Sixty-year-old Sir Harilal wears Western dress, except when he is in court.

Sir Harilal is the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of India, and administered the oath of office to the last British Governor-General, Lord Mountbatten.

Sir Harilal and Lady Kanias and their daughter are fond of sport.

Lady Kanias is expert at squash, golf, and tennis, and plays them in a sari.

"I don't think I would be able to manage to wear any other costume," she says.

Lady Kanias is interested in social work. She is a member of the National Council of Women in India, and is also secretary of the Children's Orphanage at Delhi.

Miss Kanias is keenly interested in broadcasting, and regularly writes her own script and broadcasts it over All-India Radio.

SQUARE DANCE CONTEST

Hundreds of square dancers and square dance fans will assemble at the Paddington Town Hall on Monday, August 6, for the New South Wales final in our £6000 Square Dance Contest.

Although most of the New South Wales team members are in the under-21 age group, some of the contestants come from the ranks of the "older-marrieds."

THE baby of one team is 30. The oldest member is a grandmother in her 50's.

Pictures of Western Australian and Tasmanian teams taking part in our £6000 Square Dance Contest will appear in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The winning dance teams will be prominently featured.

The Western Australian champions will leave Perth for Sydney by plane on August 5 to contest the Australian Championship at the Trocadero on August 11.

The Tasmanian winners will leave Hobart on Monday morning, August 6. They will arrive in Sydney in the early afternoon.

The Victorian and South Australian champions are also

due in Sydney by plane on August 6.

Accommodation for the teams has been arranged as follows: Victorian champions will stay at the Hotel Arcadia; South Australian champions at the Hotel Elizabeth; Western Australian champions at the St. James Hotel; Tasmanian champions at the Tudor Hotel; and the Queensland champions at the Hotel Windsor.

Having judged the Western Australian championship, Joe Lewis has gone on to Brisbane to give exhibitions of square dancing at the Cremorne Theatre from July 30 to August 4.

A few tickets for the exhibitions, at 5/- each, are still available at Palling's and the Cremorne Theatre.

Square dancing is in full swing in Brisbane in readiness

for the Queensland State Championship.

Like preceding State championships, it promises to be a colorful and youthful occasion.

Joe Lewis will judge the contest at the Cremorne Theatre on August 4.

Joe's relief caller in Brisbane will be Les Gray.

After the Queensland contest, Joe Lewis will return to Sydney to judge the New South Wales Championship and the Australian Championship.

The Australian Championship will be held at the Trocadero on August 11.

Besides prize-money of £3200, to be divided between the team of eight, the Australian square-dance champions will be given a fortnight's holiday in Sydney as the guests of The Australian Women's Weekly.



LIME CREME: The flavour of freshly picked limes in a soft creamy centre coated with Dairy Milk Chocolate.



CHOCOLATE ALMOND: A complete almond roasted to golden perfection, rolled in dark chocolate, then coated thickly with Dairy Milk Chocolate.



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VANILLA CARAMEL: A smooth creamy caramel coated with Dairy Milk Chocolate.



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ROYAL FUDGE: Dairy Milk Chocolate with a delicious fudge centre.



STRAWBERRY CREME: A fresh strawberry flavour in a creamy centre coated with Dairy Milk Chocolate.

..every centre different



TURKISH DELIGHT: Dairy Milk Chocolate and Turkish Delight.



COFFEE CREME: Dairy Milk Chocolate with a centre just like the cream in your coffee.

2 1/4

QUARTER POUND BOX



I want Cadbury's

Be nice to come home to

● The girl who wants a long and happy married life can't start too soon to make herself the sort of wife that her husband will always look forward to coming home to.



HOMECOMING will be something he looks forward to all day if he knows a cosy, friendly room and you will be waiting for him.



PRETTY UP before he comes. He'll soon tire of a flurried and harassed wife.



DON'T make him feel an intruder in his own home if he sometimes brings back an unexpected guest.



"WOT, NO DINNER?" The possibilities are he'd sooner find dinner on the way than you lost in the housewifely art of making new curtains.



SPOILT DINNERS figure in the early married lives of most couples, so don't burst into tears on his shoulder. Give the situation a humorous slant and he'll laugh too.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 25, 1951

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you know you're beautiful

today... tonight...
see it create new
glamour for
you instantly!



This amazing
make-up, created by
Max Factor Hollywood,
gives you a thrilling,
new, flawless complexion.
Tiny skin faults disappear and
your complexion takes on a delicate
color-beauty that stays lovely

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Max Factor Hollywood
Cake Make-Up.

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COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR
Light _____	Blue _____	BLONDE _____
Fair or Creamy _____	Grey _____	Light _____ Dark _____
Medium _____	Green _____	BROWN _____
Peachy _____	Hazel _____	Light _____ Dark _____
Freckled _____	Brown _____	Light _____ Dark _____
Olive _____	Black _____	REDHEAD _____
Deep Olive _____	LASHES Dark _____	Light _____ Dark _____
Tan _____	Med _____ Light _____	GREY HAIR _____
Deep Tan _____	Med _____ Light _____	If grey hair, check whether hair coloring above and here _____
If Pale check above and here _____	SKIN Oily _____	
	Dry _____ Normal _____	

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Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap,
not a cream...
Halo cannot leave
dulling soap film!

Gives fragrant
"soft-water" lather
... needs no
special rinsel

Removes
embarrassing
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!

Halo leaves hair
soft, manageable
... shining with
colourful, natural
highlights!

YES, "soaping" your hair
with even finest liquid or oily
shampoos leaves dulling film.
Halo, made with a new patented
ingredient, contains no soap, no
sticky oils. Halo glorifies your
hair the very first time you use
it. Ask for Halo—America's
favourite shampoo—to-day.

THE LARGEST
SELLING
SHAMPOO
IN AMERICA
AND
AUSTRALIA
A COLGATE QUALITY PRODUCT



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair! 4/-

H4/121

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thanks to
LAXETTES



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Get LAXETTES then, for your child. You too can trust LAXETTES implicitly; for safety, gentleness and thorough dependability. Your children will love them because they are chocolate and take them willingly, without fuss or bother.

All chemists and
all stores sell
LAXETTES — 10
millions every year



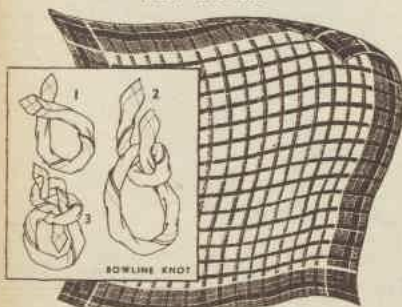
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HANDKERCHIEF MAGIC BY "GRAFTON" No.1

How to tie the "Bowline Knot" with those strong
Grafton handkerchiefs
for men.



Roll a "Grafton" handkerchief ropewise and lay flat upon a table. First, loop the handkerchief so that the right end crosses the left (Fig. 1). Pass the left end through the loop (Fig. 2). Complete the knot by passing the right end up around the left end, through the loop formed in Fig. 2 and pull tight. Fig. 3 shows a completed Bowline Knot. This knot makes a safe form of seat and is used by people engaged in rescue work.

"Graftons" keep their whiteness and brightness because they boil . . . and boil . . . and boil. Ask for "Grafton" handkerchiefs by name.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS . . .



"Of course you're coming home with me, Joe. I'd like to see the day when Nancy couldn't feed one extra for dinner."

BUTCH



"Put out an alarm for a fleeing bank robber. Tell the men to be cautious, as he may be armed and desperate."

It seems to me

AT this time of year when the weather's wintry malice is only outdone by the Government's chilling activities, it is pleasant to contemplate such frivolous subjects as arise from time to time.

Dubbo, N.S.W., has been threatening to introduce a Lady Godiva into its Jubilee Celebrations in October.

Mae West sent a polite refusal of the role, adding a few well-chosen quips. Whereupon several young Australian ladies offered to play the part, citing the length of their hair and their ability as horsewomen, and posing for photographs.

The Mayor of Dubbo has now stated that the whole thing was a joke, and was never intended seriously, but remarked, gratefully enough, that Dubbo had obtained a great deal of publicity in consequence.

This was, of course, obvious to all cynical minds from the beginning. Lady Godiva should be the patron saint of publicity men. Of all publicity stunts, hers was surely one of the most enduring. After centuries she still rates space.

Doubtless, citizens of Coventry, who feel she is their peculiar property, are affronted with the feckless way in which she is borrowed from time to time.

But since her gesture was made on behalf of harshly taxed citizens, and since all citizens of all countries can nowadays claim to be harshly taxed, she belongs in a way to the world.

IF you're not struggling with your Income Tax forms now, it's time you were. Or at least you should be starting to turn out handbags and desk-drawers to find the doctors' and dentists' receipts.

My first attempt to start on the job had a setback. "Only A forms left," said the post office clerk to my query, "Any Income Tax forms?"

"Only A forms left," repeated another man triumphantly as I took a look at the pile.

Alas that one's appearance should mark one so firmly as the requirer of an S form ("for use by salary and wage earners with no other income except Government Loan interest and/or interest from Savings Banks.")

Evidently post office men can tell at a glance that one does not derive income from "interest in partnerships and/or trust estates or from property."

Although, after years of practice, I have little to learn from the sheet entitled "Instructions to Persons Making Returns," I invariably read it with a hopeful mind in case some new possible deduction has cropped up.

It was with considerable excitement this time that I saw the heading "Unrecouped Losses."

However, after reading it carefully, I fear it cannot be interpreted to cover three single gloves (ruining three separate pairs) lost with in the last financial year.



Dorothy Drain

IT begins to look as if you can't run a country nowadays without a mass of irksome controls. It certainly looks as if no one is going to try.

Those old election cries about giving free enterprise free rein and letting prices find their own level have long had a hollow ring.

Whether the new powers sought by the Federal Government will achieve their object remains to be seen. One thing is certain—their effect is likely to be unpopular as

were the defunct Labor Government's attempts to control the country's economy.

It is true that you cannot prepare a country for war without taking a number of unpopular measures. It seems, unfortunately, that to-day countries must be prepared for war.

All very reasonable, very logical—but next time the Government goes to the country it will have to think up a new line. That popular one about freeing everybody from nasty controls will be some years out of date.

POSTSCRIPT on last week's paragraph about the new P.M.G. charges. The flow of "social telegrams" is likely to dwindle considerably. A reader gives the following instance: "This week I had four messages to send which once I would have wired—two congratulations on additions to families, one felicitation on a wedding, one birthday greeting. Total cost would have been nine shillings. So I wrote notes instead."

A MELBOURNE furniture manufacturer, who returned from abroad the other day, predicted "a gayer note in home furnishings."

After an excursion in furniture buying recently the gayest note I could imagine would be a 50 per cent. reduction in prices.

THE Shah of Persia recently had an operation for appendicitis in Teheran. After the operation four plain-clothes security police supervised the making of tea, which was taken to the Shah's bedside.

It is difficult at this chilblainish time of year
To find any particular reason for cheer,
But when I consider the fuss and fret
Which would be entailed in fitting two,
let alone four, policemen into my kitchenette,
I am moved to say hurrah!
How much happier can you be than a Shah!

It is, of course, indubitable that in these days of shortages a plain-clothes D Would be very useful for tracking down the tea.

BARBARA LEE'S
NEW YORK INSPIRED

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IN STREAMLINED
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BARBARA LEE'S
All-in-one
PEN and NAILFILE

Fits in pocket or handbag—always on hand—ideal for men or women.
Mail orders to your nearest store
McWhirters . . . Brisbane
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Morris Jacobs . . . Geelong
Patterson Powell . . . Ballarat
Myer Emporium . . . Adelaide
Abrams Ltd. . . Perth
Economic Stores . . . Perth
Coopers . . . Launceston
All Chemists and Stores.
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in all States.



A STAR CONFESSES . . . Anne Baxter says it was her mother who first told her the secret of a beautiful complexion. Anne, star of 20th Century Fox's "All About Eve," tells you the secret when she says: "I use Lux Toilet Soap. It's wonderful the way active-lather facial with Lux Toilet Soap really makes skin lovelier." Give your complexion this beauty care that has been proved by Anne Baxter and 9 out of every 10 screen stars.

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Mixture That Quickly Darkens it.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Orlex Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This Orlex Compound only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Apply dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."



EVENING LUXURY is the fan-shaped white foille stole, above. The trim is sable. This model and the three photographed below are by Calman Links.



HIGH STYLING in silver-blue mink, at right. The model is cut on asymmetrical lines and has one sleeve and a half cape. Model is by Sidney Massin.



Luxury Furs

★ The Queen's choice of pastel furs for Ascot has set the seal on a new world fashion. These fur models show the latest London fur styling.



UNUSUAL CAPE-STOLE made in natural fitch. The polts are intricately shaped at the shoulder-line and finished with matching shaped pockets at front.



LONG STOLE in silver-blue mink can be draped in various ways. Above, the stole is twisted across the body and round the arms to form large cuffs.



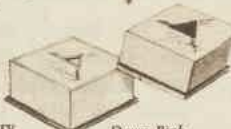
NEW SILHOUETTE for a finger-length cape made in silver-blue mink. The skirt of the cape falls in luxurious folds from a shaped shoulder-yoke.

Light as a flutter
of butterfly wings...



It's sheer enchantment,
this Face Powder by
L'Oréal! So exquisitely
fine it clings hour after
hour, with fragrant flattery.

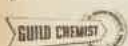
What could be more
enhancing to any girl than—
THE BUTTERFLY TOUCH OF



Dawn Pink
Fragrant
Magnolia
Pearlbloom
Goldenglow
Roseglow
Forbidden Fruit
Sunkissed
Gipsyglow

FACE POWDER, 6/-
LIQUID POWDER BASE, 6/-

L'Oréal
FACE POWDER



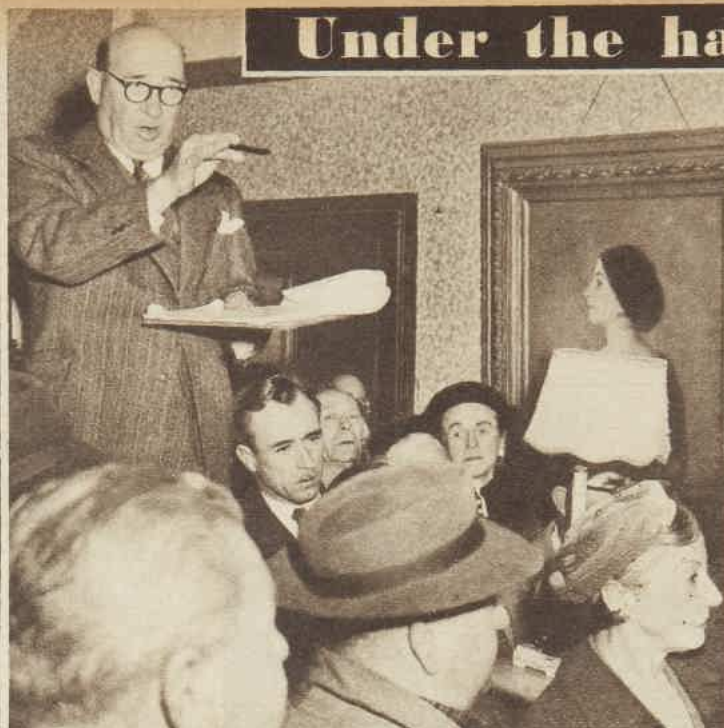
L'Oréal Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild
Chemists throughout Australia. Also featured by Cosmetic
Sections of leading Department Stores.

For fine Quality
that lasts—buy...

Hercules
SHEETS
Product of **Joshua Hoyle**
ENGLAND
Over a Century's experience
behind them.

Agents: F. G. Hyatt & Co., 233 Flinders L.A. Melb.
John A. Kenyon Pty. Ltd., 65 York St., Sydney.

Under the hammer



ONE of the best-attended auction sales held in Sydney for years took place on Tuesday and Wednesday in the gabled Bellevue Hill mansion of the late Mark Foy.

Suburban second-hand dealers, sabled society women, newly migrated Continental connoisseurs, and smooth-mannered antique shop proprietors jostled one another among Chinese carved ivories, Louis XV gilt rococo drawing-room furniture, beaded lampshades, and billiard cues.

In all, 545 lots came under the hammer of dynamic auctioneer Max Lawson.

AUCTIONEER Max Lawson jollies along bidding for hall furnishings. "You're taking advantage of my youth and innocence," he protests as bidding for carved gilt console table and mirror hovers at £5.



EXPERT eye is cast by furniture designer Mr. C. W. Braddy (left) and agent Mr. G. Materson (for 40 years he has been bidding for those too nervous to bid themselves).



PRACTICAL. Mrs. Tom Dougherty tries out comfort of master bedroom's magnificent Louis XV rococo-design flame mahogany bed, bought at Pan Pacific Exhibition, San Francisco, in 1915. Mrs. A. Begg (left) and Mrs. M. See have the same idea.



CONNOISSEUR Dr. Edgar Booth and Mrs. W. Burt examine critically an early French vase of noble proportions, 42 inches high. Dr. Booth is a well-known collector of cloisonne enamels.



CULTURE. Mrs. L. J. Hinds (kneeling) and Mrs. D. L. Orr improve the time while waiting to bid later by looking at some of the 1200 books in the library.



GREETING for Mrs. Muni Lal, whose husband is attached to the Indian Legation, when Mr. M. Priestly welcomes her in a Continental manner to the French National Day reception in Canberra.



OPERA BALL. Getting ready for the parade at the New South Wales National Opera Ball at the Town Hall. Patricia Parr, of Greenwich, adjusts John Young's turban. They partnered each other as Blonda and Selim Pasha, from "Il Seraglio."

Social Greetings

THERE was acute disappointment among visitors who attended the first Royal garden party of the season at Buckingham Palace at the thinning of the Royal Family ranks—the King was ill, Princess Margaret had the measles, and the Duchess of Kent and Princess Elizabeth had jobs elsewhere.

Consolation was swiftly found in the unexpected arrival of the loved Queen Mary, wearing an ensemble in pastel turquoise and helping Queen Elizabeth, who was wearing pink, to receive honored Commonwealth representatives.

Lots of Sydney folk were there, including Antonia Blaxland, who wore a white broderie anglaise frock; Mrs. John Tully, the Agent-General's wife, whose silver-blue mink was a fashion highlight. Helen Harrison was also there. Although her father, former Australian Minister, has left London, Helen will stay to complete her nursing training.

A really lovely blue chiffon frock worn with a flowered toque was the choice of Mrs. George Patterson, who was with her husband.

A SHARP-EARED Australian who attended the first Royal garden party of the season at Buckingham Palace was amused at hearing the Duke of Gloucester's comment about the Duchess of Gloucester's really beautiful blue corded silk duster coat. "Looks like an expensive raincoat to me," said the Duke. However, many Australians would have appreciated a raincoat, as later there was a sudden downpour.

THE polocrosse carnival at "Woden," station property of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Campbell, gave teams from Cooma, Goulburn, and Molonglo a busy social week-end.

After the first day's play there were dinner parties at the Hotel Canberra, followed by a dance at the Gloucester.

The second day brought rain, but the teams had lunch at the Hotel Canberra before going to the Jack Johnsons' for afternoon tea and on to Mt. Stromlo for a cocktail party, given by the Director of the Solar Observatory and president of the club, Dr. R. de V. Woolley, and Mrs. Woolley.

LEAVING THE CHURCH. Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Deane, who married at Shore Chapel. The bride was formerly Cynthia Suttie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thornburn Suttie, of Coonabarabran.



LONDON WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Rouse leaving Grosvenor Chapel, London, after their marriage. Edmund is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rouse, of Darling Point. The bride was formerly Dorothy Rolph, third daughter of Sir Gordon and Lady Rolph, of Launceston, Tasmania.



FRENCH NATIONAL DAY was celebrated with a reception given by the Consul-General for France, M. Jean Strauss, for about 120 guests at his Point Piper home. Among the guests were Mrs. H. Hedinger, wife of the Swiss Consul, and U.S. Consul-General, Mr. Donald Smith.

RAN into Mrs. Tom Bateman, and she told me she is thrilled with news of arrival of yet another niece—this time her sister Patty (Mrs. Bing Molyneux), of North Baldwyn, Victoria, has baby daughter to add to her family of two sons. Beatrice is also full of news of St. Vincent's Hospital ladies' auxiliary spring hat show, which will be held on August 8 at home of Mrs. Herbert Odillo Maher, of Double Bay.

NEWS from Helen and Elton Winslow, who are honeymooning at the Mayer Chalet, Warburton, Victoria, says that they are loving the local golf course and big country fires, and plan to stay on for at least another week. Helen's mother, Mrs. Owen Charles, of Double Bay, says that Elton and Helen have bought their home in Sydney, but will not be ready to move into it for a month or so.

A HOME in Bowral awaits Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bush when they return from their five weeks' honeymoon on the Barrier Reef. The bride was formerly Patricia Martin, elder daughter of Mrs. S. E. V. Martin, of Clarence River, on the North Coast. Harvey is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Bush, of Bondi.



DISCUSSING DECORATIONS for the Black and White Ball are Mrs. Gregory Blaxland (left), president of ball committee, Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, and Mrs. Ernest Watt. The ball will be held at the Trocadero on October 2.



THIRD ANNUAL BALL. Hugh McLintock danced with Margaret Trigg (left), and John Boulton danced with Beverley Thompson at P.L.C. Goulburn Old Girls' third annual Union Ball, held at the Pickwick Club.



ART STUDENTS Evelyn Murray and Margaret Chapman, of the East Sydney Technical College, attended the opening of the Commonwealth Jubilee Open Art Competition at the National Art Gallery, where over 40 pictures of Australian life by N.S.W. artists were displayed and five chosen for the final all-Australian judging.



Gary Hodges

Enchanting new hat designs add fresh sparkle to your winter wardrobe and bridge the gap between winter and spring. Spring hats are pretty. Veils and flowers are back, and ribbon, too, is important as a feminine accent.



● Achille's rose-pink toque, above left, is tied with contrasting ribbon and perched on a smoothly dressed head. Jean Barthelet model, at right, is made in chic striped grosgrain. The tiny brim is curved and finished with a rose.



● The minute toque, above, made in satin, is by Gilbert Orcel. The model is worn to show the hairline.



● Rose Valois' hyacinth toque, at left, is worn with matched flower-cuffed gloves—an ideal hat for all black. The same designer's sophisticated model, above, combines loops of straw with a flat contrasting crown and spotted veil.

Paris Notes



● Smart new sailor in grosgrain ribbon is presented by Maud et Nano, above. The chignon of flowers is done in cotton.



● Chamois-colored straw, new accent for grey or black, is chosen for the model at left. Note the spring flowers at wrist.



● Becoming lines for the curved-brim toques at right. The model is by Georgette de Treze. The decorated veiling is millinery news.



● The forward-tilted bowler, at left, is by Albouy. A vivid tartan ribbon is tied in a big chignon bow. Albouy also presents the ultra-feminine homburg, at right. The hat is made in lacy straw and dressed up with a veil.



Dorothea Johnston

"I'll be proud to wear
my Australian made
Ingola
clothes anywhere."

Says
PAT WOODLEY
(Miss N.S.W., 1951)



Well known model and winner
of the 1951 Miss New South
Wales contest, beautiful
Pat Woodley is at present
touring abroad. During her
visit to the leading fashion
centres of the world,
Miss Woodley will be proudly wearing
these delightful rigs, made from genuine Ingola material.

Ingola
WOOL AND COTTON
Fabric
AT ALL LEADING STORES



"My dear!
there is a way..."



... a couple of Myzone tablets
with water, or a cup of tea, bring
quick, safe relief from period
pain—immediate, lasting relief.
Myzone's amazing Actevin
(anti-spasm) compound relieves
pain, headache, backache, muscular
pain and that sick feeling.
Myzone is safe and sure. Keep a
packet in your bag always.



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IMPROVED
"SEAL-TITE" PACK

Ask your Chemist for
MYZONE

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CLINTON-WILLIAMS

DRESS SENSE

By Betty Keep

● Checks for a trim or for a whole ensemble will be new for spring fashions. I have followed this idea to trim a waisted suit with a slim-cut skirt. It answers the reader's letter below.

"MY request is for a smart design for a between-seasons suit, and I am hoping you will sketch me a style to follow. I have a nice-quality piece of navy wool and some navy-and-white check for the trimming. Would this combination be correct?"

Perfectly correct and also very new and smart. I have illustrated the design and I hope you will like it sufficiently well to copy it. The check is used on the pockets and roll collar. The roll collar is new, so is the placement of the pockets, because they achieve an arched hip-line without the use of any type of padding. Note the small cuff on the tailored sleeves—it's another spring detail.

Reception ensemble

"I AM invited to a large afternoon wedding reception on September 4, and as I am planning a new costume I would like advice. I suppose it would be too chilly to wear a silk dress without a coat. What do you think?"

I feel sure the weather in early September will still be cool enough to necessitate some type of wrap or coat. A stole-dress combination—meaning a one-piece with

matching or contrasting stole—would be new and smart for the occasion. Another suitable spring favorite you might consider is the print dress and plain jacket theme, with print accent or lining. My third suggestion is the "duster" ensemble, also a popular spring choice. By the way, a "duster" is a coat styled on loose lines which can be matched or contrasted to a slim one-piece.

New lingerie colors

"I AM just starting my trousseau sewing, and want you to settle the question of color for me. I like pastel blue and pink lingerie, but wondered if there might be something newer."

Blue and pink are still fashionable colors for lingerie, but actually shades have become more subtle and more varied than ever before. All mauves and lilacs are very new and popular, so is a creamy off-white (lighter than beige) called magnolia. There is, too, an enchanting new color called pink orchid—a pinky mauve with a tinge of blue—and a dramatic deep purplish blue called periwinkle. Add to this color list jonquil and primrose-yellow, carnation and sweet-pea pink, and you have the newest color choice for lingerie.

● If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Slim-skirt look

"I READ your fashions and would like you to suggest a style for a skirt to wear with a loose, boxy jacket. Would it be necessary for me to have one of the new narrow styles? I want it to be very nice but not uncomfortable or too exaggerated."

A boxy jacket definitely looks best worn with a slim skirt-line, but there is no need for the line to be uncomfortable. Walking ease can be achieved by a wrap-over back or inverted pleat. An even newer idea is a godet of fan-pleats.

"Topper" sleeves

"WHAT sort of sleeve would be new and appropriate for a light woollen 'topper'?" Pushed-up sleeves are very new; many in this category can be worn from wrist length to elbow height. "Melon" shape is one of the very latest sleeve silhouettes, and would be very smart for your "topper."



WAISTED JACKET with check trim on the pockets and roll collar.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice, if ordering by mail send to address given on page 34.



"Truby"

"TRUBY"—A practical and pretty maternity ensemble features a concealing boxy jacket and one-piece dress. The dress allows for expansion at the waistline. The material is rayon marocain obtainable in sage-blue, chestnut, black, navy, claret, and junior navy.
Ready To Wear: Dress. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 65/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 69/6.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 50/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 51/2.
Ready To Wear: Jacket. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 38/3.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 36/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 38/8.
Ready To Wear: Complete ensemble. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 69/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 102/3.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 75/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 77/3.

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★ No matter how skilfully a person's hearing loss is analysed or how carefully a Hearing Aid is selected, it is impossible to say whether the Aid recommended will give the same degree of satisfaction outside as it appears to do during a demonstration. Under the Telex policy, the client is allowed one week home trial to compare the Telex performance, without being committed to buy, so that no doubt exists on either side. No obligation is incurred, except that the client is expected to pay the cost of batteries used on trial. Test and demonstration by appointment. Your Telex instrument carries a written guarantee and what is more important still is backed by the rapid service, which is a distinguishing feature of Telex Centres throughout Australia. BATTERY AND SPARE PART SUPPLIES GUARANTEED AT

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VICTORIA: The Myer Emporium, Bourke Street, Melbourne.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA: 115 North Terrace, Adelaide.
W. AUSTR.: 49 William Street, Perth. T.A.S.: 104 Collins Street, Hobart.

A World-wide Organisation, with Centres in each capital city, in 150 South Africa, Great Britain, the Americas, and Middle East.

PRACTICE JUMP



A leap like this might not look easy to you—but Denise Maxwell says she is merely "limbering up". A professional ballet dancer, Denise has that extra energy which makes all the difference.



Here Denise enjoys the milk chocolate with that extra cream which makes all the difference—Mac Robertson's "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate. Here's a solid block of nourishing enjoyment for you and your children. Every mouthful is rich with the satisfying flavour of full-cream milk blended with super-smooth chocolate. Boy "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate in the quarter-pound block or in the handy 2-oz. size. Made by MAC ROBERTSON, the Great Name in Confectionery.

ME13



Glad To Have Visitors—No More Dizzy Turns

It's easy to be the carefree hostess once those headaches and dizzy turns are stopped by the natural action of DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills. Four kidney actions often cause headaches, dizzy turns, loss of energy, backache, rheumatism, weakness under the eyes. If you suffer from any of these symptoms, don't delay; get DOAN'S today. At Chemists and Grocers all over the World.

DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS
Sole Proprietors: Foster-McClellan Co.
NEW YORK

Worth Reporting

A NEW name for creches has been invented in Denmark. They are now called "day homes."

Dr. Grace Cuthbert, Director of Maternal and Infant Welfare in N.S.W., who has just returned from abroad on a World Health Organisation travelling scholarship, told us she considered the name excellent.

"Creche," has rather a cold, institutional sound about it," she said, "whereas 'day homes' really does describe the homely, motherly atmosphere of these centres."

"Denmark is a country where facilities to help the mother who has to return to work shortly after the birth of her child are highly developed," Dr. Cuthbert added. "This is because 40 per cent. of Danish mothers go to work."

"Many of these 'day homes' are established as near to factories as possible, and in many cases in the factories themselves."

"Mothers can leave their infants in expert care. The mothers can go to the homes to feed their babies, and then return to work."

Dr. Cuthbert said she found all Scandinavian countries well advanced in their "baby and mother services."

But it's good to know that she has come back to Australia convinced that our mothercraft system is as highly developed as any the world.

AN attractive Melbourne woman motorist evened up the score for her sex the other day when a tough-looking truck driver, ignoring safety signals, swung round and turned just in front of her. Smartly overtaking him and lowering the left-hand window of her car, she shouted with classic simplicity, "Man driver!"

Sisters are song winners

TWO sisters who describe themselves as "two old maids" won second place in the first of five semi-finals of the A.B.C.'s Jubilee Song Parade, with their song, "Alice Springs."

They are the Misses Weatherley, and when we telephoned them at their home at Leichhardt, Sydney, they told us they make a hobby of song-writing.

"And we always use the nicknames 'Toots' and 'Gaga' for any competitions," they said.

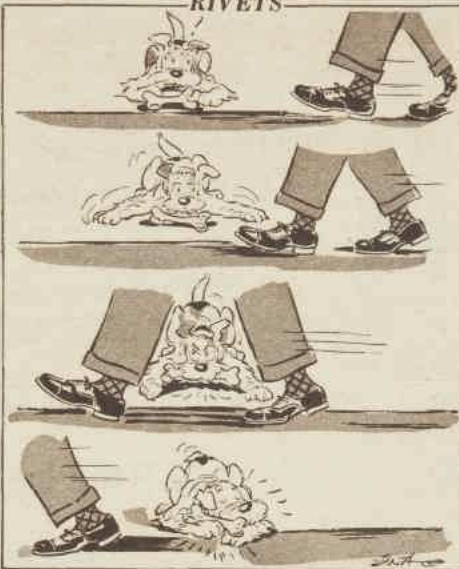
"We visited Alice Springs once and loved it so much we decided to write a song about it."

Song-writing is a Weatherley family trait. Their father, Charles E. Weatherley, composed the much-sung "A Rose in the Garden of Love."

Winner of the Jubilee Song Parade semi-final is Queensland music teacher and songwriter Edward Leadbeater, of Gaythorne.

His song is called "Coolang-gatta Moon." He and the Weatherley sisters are now eligible for the finals, which will be held in December.

RIVETS



Platypus rug is rare piece

MOST people who possess rare antiques are usually able to put a price on them, but this week we saw a fur rug that is almost impossible to value.

It is a platypus rug belonging to Sydney radio-man and writer Ellis Price.

If rarity makes for high valuation the rug is a pricey piece indeed, because there are probably only about six in the world.

There aren't likely to be any more because the platypus is protected.

Mr. Price told us the story behind the rug, which he keeps in cold storage.

When his father died he left a set of platypus skins in a bank safe deposit. Mr. Price so admired their magnificent color, "a sort of sombre sunset, between grey and rust-brown," that he had them made into a rug.

"Then the trouble began," he told us. "The N.S.W. Chief Secretary's Department was on to me to find out where and when I got the skins. The platypus is heavily protected by law."

"If I hadn't found an old insurance policy of my father's showing he had the skins before the law was passed forbidding the slaughter of platypuses, I would have had the rug confiscated."

"Apparently my father collected the skins during his long travels round Australia."

"I think I should really get the rug made into a raincoat because the expression 'water on a duck's back' just doesn't mean a thing compared to water on a platypus' back."

"It really does run off."

WE select as Australia's most intrepid woman driver the young mother who neatly manoeuvred a small pusher containing a confident two-year-old on to a moving escalator in a Melbourne store during a sale crush and completed the journey to the next floor without incident.

LONDONERS are creating a festival air by decorating their houses with ships' flags and bunting.

But our London office reports that some residents don't know much about signals.

Two houses indicated that they were "about to sail," eight were "in distress," and several were "in quarantine."

Frenchwoman bound Jubilee book

THE Second Secretary of the French Embassy in Canberra, Madame R. M. Ollier, whose hobby is bookbinding, bound and presented the Jubilee Visitors' Book for the National Library.

In the book are recorded the signatures of all the notable visitors from Australia and overseas who went to the Federal capital for the Jubilee ceremonies.

The book is magnificently bound in fine green morocco leather, and is a handsome asset to the library.

Madame Ollier has learnt binding from two experts. Her first lessons were in Jerusalem from Madame Wiener, who had been one of the best-known bookbinders in Vienna. Later Madame Ollier was the pupil of M. Paul Aufschneider, Paris' leading exponent of the art.

A FRIEND of ours who lives at Manly, N.S.W. (the butterless State), almost cried when the grocer sent her 4lb. of butter for the week.

She said she had good reason for her emotion. She has been abroad for some years and has only just returned. While she was in England she existed on 3oz. and 4oz. alternately a week.

When she went to Paris she found her butter rationed by cost. It was 10/- a pound.

"All the time I was away," she told us, "I was thinking about beautiful yellow Australian butter, as much as I wanted, and so cheap."

She is slightly consoled by the rich memory of her first few weeks at home, when she was eating 4lb. a week.



So safe
**for hands...
so speedy for dishes**



Are you washing up the hard way with a slow, old-fashioned bar soap—or speeding through dishes the modern way, with Lux? Those tiny Lux diamonds give such quick, abundant suds... make light of greasy washing up. Lux keeps your hands petal-smooth—lovely for all occasions.

You can wash up with Lux for a penny a day

Lux not only saves you time—it's really thrifty, too! Tests made by scores of women prove that you can wash up for an average-sized family for just one penny a day—with Lux.



U358 W 52124



WHEN YOU ARE COURTING

love leads you a dance. When you get married you take a grim chance. "Take her for better or take her for worse," That is according to the chapter and verse. If it's for better you swank and look glad, If it's for worse your whole life will be sad. But there's no need, cough or cold to endure—Take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

—MY CHEMIST TOLD ME

—MY CHEMIST TOLD ME

TIME-TESTED FORMULA

SOOTHES THE THROAT, CUTS AWAY CONGESTION

Nyal Bronchitis Mixture is a proven effective, **dependable** medicine which acts in three ways in "breaking" stubborn coughs. The medication penetrates into the congested bronchial tubes—cuts away phlegm . . . soothes inflamed membranes of the throat and chest . . . brings **soothing** relief from coughing.

Whenever you have need to buy a cough mixture—be sure of buying a medicine that will give you speedy, positive relief. Benefit by the experience of thousands who use Nival Bronchitis Mixture.

The formula of this time-tested medicine is plainly printed on the label—that is why **your** chemist, too, will recommend Nyal Bronchitis Mixture. Two sizes—Regular, 3/6; Family Size, 6/-.
Nyal

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NYAL Medicines are manufactured in these ultra-modern laboratories under conditions of immaculate cleanliness. Each medicine is compounded by the most advanced methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists and afterwards standardised by competent chemists. Only the highest quality ingredients obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL Medicines.

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NYAL
BABY COUGH SYRUP

A pleasant-tasting combination of wholesome and effective ingredients, specially prepared to treat coughs and colds in infants and children up to five years of age. Contains no opiates. 2/6 3/6.

NYAL
HONEY COUGH ELIXIR

Specially formulated for infants and children. Contains Ipecacuanha, Squill, Eucalyptus in a pleasant-tasting honey base. Soothes the throat; eases coughing; cuts phlegm; makes breathing easier. 4 oz. bottle



NYAL DECONGESTANT COUGH ELIXIR

A new type of cough treatment which will "break up" even the most stubborn cough. Contains Phenylephrine—a decongestant—which reduces swelling in the bronchial tubes, making breathing easier; Codeine—a sedative—which stops coughing and gives torn tissues a chance to heal; Creosote—an antiseptic—which cuts phlegm; plus five active expectorants in a honey base. 5/6.



NYAL CREOPHOS

Nylol-Creophos is more than just a tonic—it is combined cough *mixture* and tonic. That's one of the reasons why it so effectively clears up the stubborn cough that so often follows flu. Contains nine body-building ingredients. Three sizes—3/6, 6/7/6.

Did you
PROTEX
yourself this
morning?



I ENJOY THE
CLEAN BUSHLAND TANG



PROTEX IS
MY CHOICE AS
A DEODORANT
COMPLEXION SOAP



BOY-PROTEX MAKES
YOU FEEL GOOD

Stay as fresh as a breeze
with Protex, the deodorant
Complexion Soap with the
clean bushland fragrance.
Protex is medicated to
guard against offending, and
infection. Protex is the soap
for all the family.



ARIES (March 21-April 20): Remember the famous portrait of the Laughing Cavalier? That's you this week, or his feminine counterpart. You'll be full of the joy of living, ready for good times and jolly company, especially on July 26.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): House-hunting Taurus folks might ring the bell on July 27 and find their dreams come true. Quite a lot of others will decide to throw a party on July 26 and entertain the neighbors in either the old homestead or flat.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Listen to the radio, watch the newspapers, hearken to the telephone, gallop to the letter-box, for Gemini news is big news, and it packs a tremendous wallop this week. On July 25 you might hear of something pleasant.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Feeling the high cost of living, you home-loving Cancer family? Stop and think of assets you forgot to list in the balance sheet. You can pep up your income.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Shake a leg, you Lions, you're the star attraction this week and certain to perform royally. Noble, generous, Leos will give of their best and win the affection and admiration they deserve on July 28.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): The financial side of any undertaking must be gone into before embarking on a new venture. Opportunities to enter a wider field in con-

As I read the Stars

By
EVE HILLIARD

nection with occupation will be plentiful. Step out boldly on July 25.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): You have a natural gift for co-operation, and your popularity quotient is always high. If delicate social negotiations have to be undertaken, you're an excellent diplomat. July 26 for success with your mission.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): If you hold back because of pride and sensitiveness, Dame Fortune may bang the door on your nose. Be honest, but put your best foot forward on July 25; don't hesitate to discuss the financial side either.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Travel is the magic word which brings sparkle to the Sagittarian eye. Plan your holidays now. July 24 for a brain wave.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): A little bit of blue sky overhead should dispel those grey clouds which have created a gloomy atmosphere. Set out to make this week, and especially July 27, a sunny interlude.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): If you're in love, July 27 will be a climax of romance and glamor. If married, a surprise gift or a night out. Older Aquarians may conclude a profitable business deal, with congratulations in order.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): So they picked that quiet little Pisces girl for a very important job! She's smart, but no show-off. Mr. Pisces may find himself advanced to a post carrying more responsibility. July 29 for celebrations of expanding finances.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

What do you know about . . . Clothes?

Can you name the countries where these articles of wearing apparel are mostly seen? Answers are on page 45.

1. Kilt.
2. Jeans.
3. Burnous.
4. Lap-lap.
5. Sari.
6. Sarong.
7. Mantilla.
8. Beret.
9. Parka.
10. Fez.

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KNITTING
WOOLS



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Patons Totem Knitting Wool. This gaily-embroidered Coat-Jumper is one of 6 designs in Patons Knitting Book No. 320. Price 1/-

"LINLEY" (Top Right)
6 ozs. of Patons Beehive Fingering, 3-ply. One of 9 popular instructions in Patons Knitting Book No. 290. Price 9d.

"CLANCY" (Right)
7 ozs. of Patons Beehive Fingering, 4-ply. One of 10 designs for Boys and Girls of Kindergarten Age. Patons Knitting Book No. 297. Price 1/-

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"DOES THE
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YOU DOWN, MATE? CHEW
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Chewing P.K. relaxes you—puts an end to fidgets. Always reach for it when you're working under strain. Enjoy some every day.

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Have lovelier hair... quickly, easily...

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and other exclusive preparations for your hair.

At Hairdressers, Beauty Salons, Chemists and Stores everywhere.



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Napro Hair Vitalizer quickly restores sheen and softness to brittle, frizzy, hard-to-manage hair... reconditions scalp... ends dandruff. For hair that is easier to set, easier to curl, silken-soft and lustrous... make this thrilling conditioning treatment part of your regular hair beauty care.

**NEW COLOUR FOR
FADING HAIR**

Napro Hair Dye gives the exact shade and natural youthful colour you desire, in a way that completely defies detection. Easy to apply; does not stain the scalp; takes a perfect permanent wave.



hints for perfect grooming

Napro "Mist Set" Hair Perfume, a lovely fragrance that lingers delightfully... a *Napro Blue or Mauve Rinse*, smart finishing touch for grey or white hair... *Napro Hair Lacquer* for a perfect set and faultless grooming... *Napro Shampoo*, something superior for your regular hair wash.

**HAIR THAT GLEAMS WITH LOVELY
HIGHLIGHTS... VIBRANT COLOUR!**

Napro "Hi-Liter" Colour Shampoo creates glorious highlights in your hair; as simple to use as an ordinary shampoo. Gold—for golden gleam. Titian—for warm coppery tints.

BE RADIANTLY BLONDE!

Napro Blonding Emulsion lets you control the exact shade desired, from "just a shade lighter" to fairest blonde. Leaves your hair natural looking, soft and shining.





**Faith
Domergue**

☆ Glamorous discovery of
millionaire Howard
Hughes, Faith Domergue will
be seen in R.K.O.'s "Where
Danger Lives," with Robert
Mitchum, and "Vendetta."

Why are Their Menfolk in the C.M.F.?

Thousands of women, such as the three you see below, have for very sound reasons encouraged their menfolk to train now, in their spare time, with the Citizen Military Forces. They realise that the threat of war is most real and that to have their men trained and ready to defend themselves *before* war comes is a necessity. If you have a husband, son, fiancé or boy friend who loves you enough to defend you should war come, you owe it to him to read why these women recommend C.M.F. training.

"It's every man's duty to take up some form of military training"

says Mrs. Valler, 50 Ostend Street, Lidcombe, whose husband and two sons are in the C.M.F. Her husband, Sgt. Robert James Valler, is Drum Major of the R.A.A. Second Division Band. Her sons Ross, aged 21, is a Lance-Bombardier, and Eric, aged 24, a Gunner in the R.A.A. Eric served in the Navy during the last war. Mrs. Valler goes on to say:

"There are thousands of young men with plenty of spare time and there's no better way of spending their time, to my mind, than in the C.M.F. It's not asking much of young Australians to spend a little spare time for their country. And they would be doing themselves a good turn, too. Thousands have been killed in wars because they were untrained. None of us want another war, but things look a bit grim overseas and it is better to be sure than sorry. It makes me feel happier, and more secure, with my men in the C.M.F."

"Our four small children are very proud of their C.M.F. soldier daddy"



Mrs. June McCosker, Brisbane

says Mrs. June McCosker, Brisbane, whose husband, Lieut. Terry McCosker, is an Armoured Corps last war veteran.

"It is for their sake and the millions of other free children in the world that Terry has donned uniform again to be ready if the call comes. Joining the C.M.F. is one way of helping keep the freedom we love, training for the war we don't want, but which we must be ready to fight."

"Joining the C.M.F. is one of the best things a man can do"

This is the opinion of Pat Levy, a Brisbane dressmaker, who has encouraged her boy friend, Kev Larson, in his training with the C.M.F.

"My boy friend has been in the C.M.F. for the past eighteen months and is now a Lance-Corporal. He is looking forward to the annual fourteen days' camp again this year. He gave up nearly every second weekend last year for training and a lot of this year so far. I wish many other young men would follow Kev's lead, and that of others, so that they may help make Australia safe."

Issued by the Director-General of Recruiting.



Miss Pat Levy, Brisbane



Mrs. Valler, 50 Ostend Street, Lidcombe

If you feel your husband, son, fiancé or boy friend is the kind of man who would enlist in time of war, help him by encouraging him to train now with the C.M.F. This spare-time training, for which he will be fully paid, will mean that should war come he won't be a raw recruit; he'll be trained to defend himself and he'll be in line for rapid promotion. Think it over and you'll decide C.M.F. Training is a worthwhile spare-time activity that deserves your encouragement.

WM24:14651



1 NEWS of her brother's death in jail-break reaches Holiday (Barbara Payton) through Ralph Cotter (James Cagney). The girl is immediately attracted to glib but ruthless Cotter.

2 HOLD-UP of a super-market is successfully carried out by Cotter and fellow escapee Jinx Raynor (Steve Brodie). Ambitiously planning larger-scale robberies, Cotter's hopes are dashed when corrupt police detectives hi-jack his takings.

KISS TO-MORROW GOOD-BYE

AS a ruthless gangster who is as handy with his fists as he is with a gun, James Cagney fills a role in "Kiss To-morrow Good-bye" that has been perfected with repetition.

The star's fame as a film crook has brought him a long way from the days when, as a member of a theatrical family, he danced in vaudeville, but the solidarity of the Cagney family remains intact.

"Kiss To-morrow Good-bye" (Warners) was made by Cagney Productions with William Cagney producing.



4 CONFRONTING Reece and Weber with record, Cotter and crooked lawyer Mandon (Luther Adler) gain help in making Cotter underworld leader.

3 BRUTAL detectives Reece (Barton MacLane) and Weber (Ward Bond) fall into blackmail trap when Cotter records their conversation.



5 MEETING Ezra Dobson (Herbert Heyes), who is politically powerful, Cotter hopes to gain control of State politics through him. His chance occurs when Dobson's daughter Margaret (Helena Carter) falls in love with him.

6 ANGRY when Cotter marries Margaret, Holiday learns that he killed her brother. When she corners him with a gun, he makes a break but is shot by police who seek him for a recent robbery.

★ ★ The Jackpot

THAT personable couple James Stewart and Barbara Hale collect multiple troubles as well as 24,000 dollars worth of prizes when he wins a national quiz contest in "The Jackpot."

The script of this Fox production is bright, amusing, and slightly astringent. James Stewart hits top comedy form as Bill Lawrence, happily married small-town department store executive—the perfect Elinor type in a proper homely setting. Barbara Hale is a charming wife.

Supporting players James Gleason, as a newspaperman, Alan Mowbray, as a hilarious interior decorator, and Patricia Medina's pretty French portrait-painter do the story full justice. In Sydney—Mayfair.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ Ellen

BETSY DRAKE'S mathematical mind and wistful eyes are equally responsible for putting an end to the unhappy events that befall Robert Young's successful architect Jeff Cochran in "Ellen" (United Artists).

Ellen finds the people of Pinecliff split into two camps—those who regard Jeff as a potential maniac and those who say he is the victim of bad luck. He is understandably thrown off his stroke by a series of inexplicable mishaps. Spurning theories, competent Ellen stirs Jeff out of

his lethargy. In a muddled atmosphere of fears, doubts, and false alarms, they set about solving a psychological mystery. In Sydney—Century.

★ Frenchie

MOST interesting feature about Universal's period melodrama "Frenchie" is Shelley Winters' interpretation of a hip-swaying technicolor siren who fights, storms, gambles, and runs a rowdy saloon of the old West while hunting down her father's killers and charming, law-abiding Joel McCrea.

Shelley does all this with the amiable vulgarity of a

junior Mae West, and manages to be entertaining company.

Otherwise, "Frenchie" is a Western without a new thought to call its own. In Sydney—Victory.

OTHER RELEASES:

★ ABBOTT AND COSTELLO IN THE FOREIGN LEGION: Typical slapstick comedy set in Algeria with stars Abbott and Costello well up to form. Supporting cast includes Patricia Medina, Douglas Dumbrille, Walter Slezak. In Sydney—Lyceum.

● THE FOUNTAINHEAD: Heavily symbolical and wordy film hammering home the philosophy that man's personal integrity stands above all law. Stars Gary Cooper and Patricia Neal, with Robert Douglas and Kent Smith in featured roles. In Sydney—Esquire.

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For sleep and energy

V4/24/1

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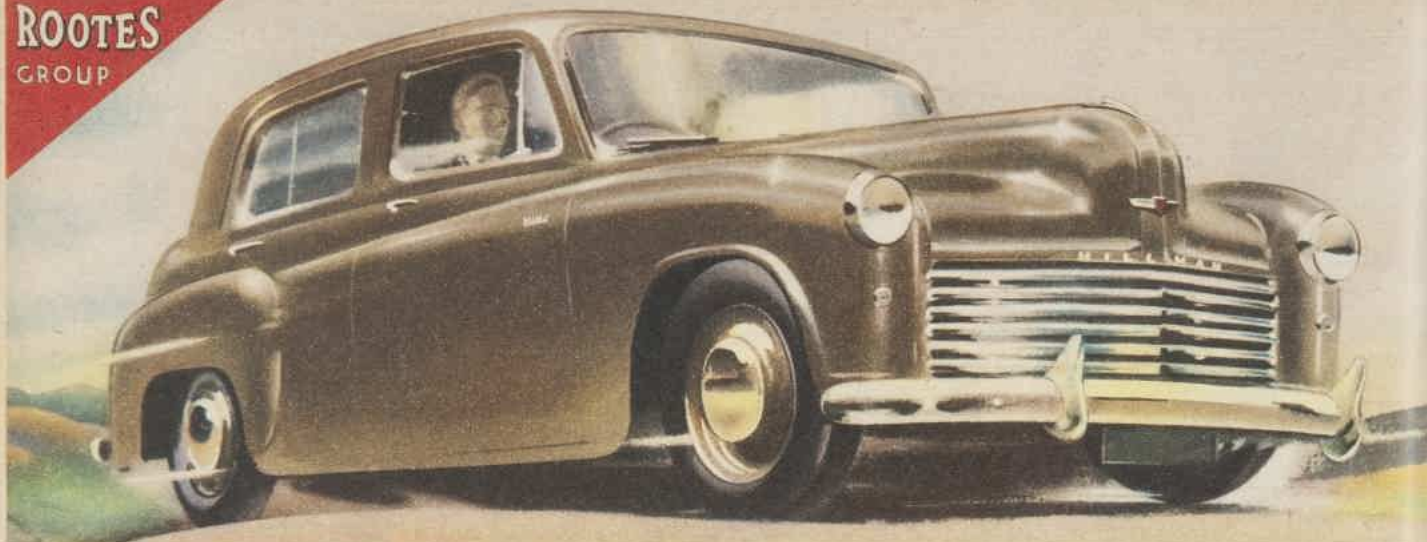
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Ballet beauty steps to film stardom



At 21 Audrey Hepburn is set for a bright career

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Stardom — in three short steps — has come to lovely ballet dancer Audrey Hepburn.

FILM producers and columnists are predicting that pert, part-Dutch, Belgian-born Audrey, who is only 21, will be a smash box-office draw before the year's end.

Merely by fluttering her long lashes, Audrey Hepburn has won a three-year contract with Associated British Films.

This is how it happened:

First Step: Madame Rambert, returned from her tour of Australia, signed Audrey Hepburn up for her ballet company.

Second Step: On the strength of this, Audrey landed a dancing part in a West End musical, "Sauce Piquante," where she was immediately picked out among the other beauties — "the thirteen loveliest girls in London" — for her waxy looks and ability.

Third Step: Italian-born producer Mario Zampi, looking like all film producers, for the next girl he is going to make into a star, waved his hands about his head in the walls and said he saw a find.

He came back 14 times to watch Audrey Hepburn dance, sing, and charm the audience. Straight away he offered her a big role in his new film,

"Laughter in Paradise." She turned him down.

"I had to," she told me. "I had already accepted an offer for a play."

"But then plans for the play just folded up some weeks later," she said. "I rushed back to Mr. Zampi."

When she did, Zampi's face fell. He spread his hands, shrugged, told her sorrowfully, "The part I offered you has just been cast. There is nothing else."

He thought, "Unless," he said, "unless you wouldn't mind a little walk-on? Yes? Very little? A cigarette girl in a cabaret?"

Audrey took it. You wouldn't think there's immediate stardom latent in a cigarette-girl's bit part, would you? Of course not.

But Audrey Hepburn accomplished a miracle. In opera-length fishnets, a decollete bodice, and spangled tu-tu, she did her brief flit before the cameras in the cabaret scene.

Half-way through it, when the cameras loomed in for a close-up, she fluttered her eyelashes.

That alone did it. In the studio theatre, when they showed the day's rushes, Zampi goggled, then sat back and roared.

AUDREY HEPBURN, attractive newcomer to the screen, is the centre of attention on this set of "Young Wives' Tale." Co-star Nigel Patrick is at right.

FORMER dancer with the Ballet Rambert, Audrey Hepburn climbed to stardom in three steps. She was discovered for British films while dancing in a West End musical.



"We must make this bigger," he said. He went home. That night he stayed up, writing some lines into the scene for Audrey.

And Robert Clark, chief producer of Associated British, looked in on the film, "Laughter in Paradise." He, too, saw the promise in Audrey Hepburn, and took out the contract book.

Bewildered — Audrey has rather the same comic, wide-eyed air of bewilderment as Lucille Ball — she signed a film contract for three years.

Immediately Associated British cast her for a lead in a comedy, "Young Wives' Tale," which stars Naughton Wayne, Nigel Patrick, Joan Greenwood, and Helen Cherry.

And on the rainy day I had tea with her in Park Lane, just around the corner from the little Mayfair flat she shares with her mother, Audrey came in breathlessly, her eyes wider than ever with excitement.

"Ealing has just this minute phoned," she said. "They told me I've been chosen for a lead in 'The Secret People,' with Italian-Hollywood star Valentina Cortese and leading French juvenile Serge Reggiani. My test for the part was the best, they said. Isn't it wonderful?"

We drank her health in weak British cafe tea.



PERT and alluring Audrey Hepburn was signed to a three-year contract with Associated British when their chief producer saw her fluttering her eyelashes in a cabaret walk-on part. She is "Heppie" to her friends, and is becoming known as the "Girl From Arnhem" to studio Press agents.



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LONGER

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Innox
OF LONDON

84/42.37

Page 40

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and PRINCESS NARDA: Are in the Polar regions with MUNDEN: An explorer, searching for a jewelled city. While Mandrake and Narda scan the icy wastes, villagers

tell them that once a year a girl has to be sacrificed to the ice-demons. They resolve to sit all night by the mysterious ice-hole. Mandrake dozes; when he awakens, Narda is missing. In searching for her, he descends the shaft of the ice-demons. NOW READ ON

MANDRAKE CLIMBS DOWN A SHAFT INTO A STRANGE REALM UNDER THE ICE, IN SEARCH OF NARDA



HEARING A COMMOTION IN ONE OF THE CORRIDORS, MANDRAKE CONCEALS HIMSELF. WHAT HE SEES IS ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF, AN AMAZING SIGHT!



A NATIVE MAN FROM A SURFACE TRIBE—CHASED BY TWO VICIOUS-LOOKING, FUR-BEARING DWARFS! THE "ICE DEMONS!"



AS THE DWARFS POUNCE ON THEIR VICTIM, MANDRAKE STEPS INTO THE FRAY, GESTURING HYPNOTICALLY, SUSPENDING THE DEMONS IN MID-AIR!



MANDRAKE LEARNS THAT THE MAN'S NAME IS SUGON, AND THAT HE IS OF TEEMAH'S TRIBE. "THEY CAPTURED ME A YEAR AGO, I JUST ESCAPED FROM THEIR SALT MINE. THEY WOULD HAVE ICED ME IF THEY CAUGHT ME," HE ADDS, SHUDDERING. BEFORE HE CAN EXPLAIN THAT, THEY SUDDENLY HALT.



BEFORE THEM IS A VAST CHAMBER, BUZZING WITH LIFE. "ONE OF THEIR COLONIES, THEY HAVE DOZENS UNDER THE ICE," SAYS SUGON. "IT REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING," MUSES MANDRAKE, MARVELLING. "YES, AN ANTHILL! THESE DEMONS ARE HUMAN ANTS!"



"THE FUR IS THEIR OWN, JUST LIKE A POLAR BEAR! THAT IS A WARRIOR 'DEMON'. THEY ARE STRONGER THAN THE REST. THEY DO NO WORK—JUST FIGHT—"



"THE WORKER 'DEMONS' SUPPLY FOOD. THEY BRING THE FOOD OFFERINGS DOWN FROM THE SURFACE TRIBES WHO FEAR THEM—THEY ALSO FISH AND HUNT, THEY FEED THE WARRIORS, THE CHILDREN, AND—"



TO BE CONTINUED

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It holds
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 25, 1951

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Look at these added features:

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ASK YOUR RADIO RETAILER

to explain the Radio Selection Formula — the method used by radio-men to judge the worth of a set. Then you can judge for yourself, comparing "Jubilee 4" against any other 4-valve radio.

No Hours Between

FINALLY Fenella went into the grocer's. An impersonal young man with a take-it-or-leave-it attitude served her.

A feeling of depression came over Fenella. How different it had been at home. Mr. Darby had always served her himself, asked after her mother's health, her mother's garden, and everything that was hers.

She had thought him an old bore then, but now she would fling her arms round his neck if, by some strange metamorphosis, the disdainful young man could have turned into dear Mr. Darby.

Her impractical little basket bulging now, Fenella wandered down the main street. She turned into the wide door of The Coffee Pot and found a table near the window. Women were scattered about in small groups, chattering like starlings. Everyone had somebody.

Three young women, wives, were arranging golf for this afternoon, bridge this evening. Golf and bridge all in one day!

In Fenella's mood this sounded little short of debauchery. They were so casual about it, as though their intimacy was nothing. She got up suddenly, paid her bill and went out.

She waited in the park, sat on a bench, listening to the shouts of children, the hoots of cars, the rumble of buses. A feeling of revolt washed over her.

It wasn't good enough. Life ought to have more in it than this.

She was young, she wanted fun and laughter and pleasant things happening. She couldn't stand it. . . . A child's ball trickled round her feet. She stooped and picked it up. He rushed over to her in pursuit.

"Your ball?" she smiled at

Continued from page 5

him, longing for some contact with a human being, even an ugly little boy who'd obviously forgotten his handkerchief.

He grabbed the ball without a word, dropped it and gave a mighty kick. Rebuffed, Fenella got up and sauntered towards the park gates.

When she arrived home the house still wore its air of abeyance. It was as though it held its breath when Jack was not there.

She had her lunch on a tray, and in the way of lunches on trays, it was over almost before it had begun.

Restless, she went through the house looking for possible jobs to do. At last she found a pair of socks with a hole, in Jack's top drawer, and fell upon them like a parched man in the desert will fall upon water.

She sat down with her work-box, threaded a length of grey wool and began to darn, weaving the strands neatly, unconsciously remembering what mother had always said about leaving loops.

But even Fenella couldn't make the job last more than a few minutes. She rolled the socks into a knobby ball and took them upstairs again.

A stray library book proved an aggravation to her mood. Romance in high places, the heroine languishing in a background of luxury liners, luxury hotels, and luxury love. Fenella flung it across the room.

What was the time? She looked at her watch. Surely, surely more than half-past one? She couldn't bear this day much longer. She must get out of the house, go somewhere—to the cinema, that last resort of the lonely, the depressed.

The doors, looking vaguely like the gates of hell, were

wide open, but the box-office not yet. A few bedraggled women in an odd assortment of hats stood about waiting like lonely hens flung from their nests.

Fenella wondered if she looked as desolate to them as they did to her. She strained a determined smile to her lips, and went to look at the highly colored photographs of stars hanging on the walls.

There was a mild flutter in the hen roost. The box-office had opened its mouth. Fenella joined the others, now added to by a sprinkling of despairing-looking men.

Fenella had never been inside a cinema at this time of the day before. At night, when she came with Jack, it had an air of opulence and expectancy. But the lights were full on now, showing up the shabby velvet seats with torn arms, the tawdriness of the decoration.

The usherette showed her to her seat with many unnecessary flourishes of her torch. Fenella almost said "Why don't you save your battery?" But a peculiar feeling of near-dumbness had come over her.

A wave of self-pity engulfed her as she sat there. Nearly everyone was alone. She was alone. The whole world was alone, unloved, unwanted. Tears sprang at the back of her eyes. She realised that she had hardly spoken to a soul all day, except Celia, shop people, and the horrid little boy in the park! And he hadn't answered.

The lights dimmed and the news came on. News of disaster on land and sea. An air crash, a liner on the rocks, a racing motorist hurled to his doom. A politician, who appeared most embarrassingly to be looking her straight in the eye, talked of the atom bomb as if it were a suet pudding.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. They between them have ample room for ships (2, 3, 5, 7, 11).
2. Bring out again Portuguese money with Susanna (7).
3. Both the garden and social variety must lean on something, though it carries its own limb (7).
4. Human beings follow a closing of prayers (4).
5. Secret faction has its beginning with 100 (15).
6. The smallest particle is a boy (4).
7. Not necessarily whisky for a cricketed seven, but they should have it (2, 4, 6).
8. What Caesar said to Brutus about being underlings may run into roasts (13, 2, 2, 3).
9. Shoe which may raise water (4).
10. Employing while you chafe (15).
11. Fairly colored, though mostly beer (4).
12. Most repulsive, possibly because it contains a lie (7).
13. Eye-doctor (7).
14. Proverbially they congregate together (5, 2, 1, 7).



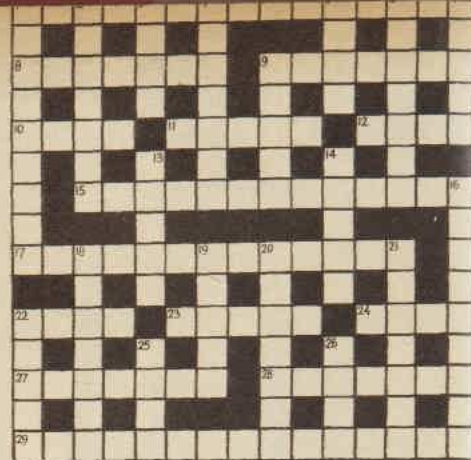
Solution to last week's crossword.

The big picture announced itself with a roar of tommy-guns. Murder now and sudden death. Gangsters talking out of the sides of their mouths and beating up their buddies. The bathos of somebody's heart-broken old mum; the inevitable court scene. The gangster who turned out to be a detective after all, and kissed the heroine in a close-up, with his hat on.

Fenella had had enough. Almost in despair she pushed back her seat with a bang and went out.

Outside, a fine drizzle was falling. Her tears fell, too, to keep it company.

By the time she got home



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Sailor with an epistle writer in waterproof cloth (9).
2. Net mine turned distinguished (7).
3. Little or great, this bear is not a screen star (4).
4. Welcome violent anger of the usual standard (7).
5. Salute a frozen vapor pellet (4).
6. Crustacean the beginning of which is underhand in cricket, but high in tennis (7).
7. Jewish festival commemorating Haman's defeat (5).
8. Amulet which is full of harm (6).
9. d (5).
10. Rook's beam of light is a spite of flowers (5).
11. Frog consumer (4, 5).
12. He can be a lawyer in London (7).
13. Overturn (5).
14. Bid go away for a farewell party (4, 5).
15. Nine inches upset his European language (7).
16. Fruit to be a ball of lead (5).
17. Me and steamship for concotion (4).
18. Subtle emanation hiding Abersham's birth-place (4).

she had stopped crying, and she let herself in at the front door. The house was in darkness. She rushed to each room, flooding it with light. She turned on the radio. Mercifully, it blared forth some cheerful dance music. The fire in the sitting-room blazed up in welcome.

Fenella did her face and her hair; put on a clean blouse and skirt. She tore round the kitchen filling saucepans, tossing in potatoes and cauliflower. The meat sizzled companionably in its frying-pan.

She set the table with the wedding present silver (Mrs. Johnson's napkin rings, a J. on one, an F. on the other).

She dumped a flower in a pot on the middle of the table.

At just the right moment Jack's key was in the lock. He came in as she rushed to meet him in the hall, hurling herself at him and nearly strangling him in the flood of her love. He kissed her, then held her from him, but still in the circle of his arms. "Had a good day, darling?" he asked.

Her face bright with new-found happiness that came in the door with him, she said "Lovely!" and walked with her arm round him, across the hall. Time had not been there between Jack's going and his coming home again. There had been no hours between at all.

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● STRIPED Olympic Games scarf and scarlet fisher cap come from Norway. Models by Satrik.



WOOL all year round

● Here are six models chosen from a superb collection of international knitwear in which nine countries are represented. The collection, presented by the Australian Wool Board, will be displayed next week at the Hotel Australia, Sydney. Afterwards the 200 wool models will be presented in other capital cities of the Commonwealth.



● SOPHISTICATED fine black cashmere evening sweater, left, has a scalloped off-shoulder neckline. Pringle, of Scotland.

● PATTERNED oyster-grey scarf, gloves, and ski cardigan, above. Right is an embroidered wool swimsuit. By Lola Prusac.

● GLAMOR in fine wool for the white hand-knitted debutante dress, above. The skirt is wide; the off-shoulder neckline is finished with a bertha collar. Paton and Baldwin.



● FROM FRANCE comes the matched umbrella, hat, bag, shorts, bra, and sandal ensemble for the beach knitted in fine white wool. Blue-and-red motif embroidered on umbrella and shorts is coat of arms of Paris.



Alice in Bond's Undieland!

Adventure No. 3

"Oh dear, Oh dear," said the White Rabbit, "My children grow so fast that they've hardly got a stitch to their backs. I try so hard to be a good mother, but just look at their vests, way up under their armpits. Now don't tell me it's my own fault, or I'll burst into tears."

"Oh, don't do that, please," said Alice. "I wouldn't like you to cry. Look, I've got a present for you in my little bag."

"A present?" said the White Rabbit. "But it isn't my birthday."

"Oh, but this is an un-birthday present," said Alice. "The kind of present you can give on 364 days of the year when

it ISN'T your birthday. It's the kind of present my Mummy gives to ME."

And it was! YOU can give YOUR babies this kind of present, too, Mummy. Just imagine—a vest that baby does NOT grow out of! Bond's "Cumfy" Vest grows with added length. In softest of soft cotton or unshrinkable wool and rayon. Bond's "Cumfy" vests for infants and children are approved by clinics throughout Australia. And that Tru-size label is your guarantee of perfect fit.

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- ★ RED CHAIN COTTON
- ★ RED CHAIN BANDAGES
- ★ JOHNSON'S COTTON BALLS
- ★ JOHNSON'S BURN CREAM

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The most trusted name in surgical dressings
J.F.D.O.

EVER since that night, just three months and four days ago, when she had met him by chance in the city, when he had taken her to tea and then, to her amazed delight, to a film they had both wanted to see, when he had talked to her about his painting over supper and then again as they had walked home through the hot, dusty air of the January night—since then Megan had known Julian.

She had seen in him the soul of the artist tortured by lack of understanding in his home, saddened by the disappointment of having a brilliant son who was crushed by illness.

Since then she had lived a secret life and no one had guessed, she felt certain. Sometimes they met in town, and often she visited the Kyles' home; no one had thought the visits strange, for her companionship with Alec Kyles was of many years' standing, and though Mrs. Kyles always jealously kept watch while Megan was there, she made no objection to her visiting Alec.

Nearly always she saw Julian during these visits, and always she could feel the delicious certainty of something precious but unspoken between them. Megan frowned. Here she was home, but no nearer the solution of her problem.

The front door stood open, and instantly she felt that something was different inside the house. She paused a moment at the big double doors, which opened into the living-room.

The three of them turned as she stood there. The man, the stranger, rose, slowly, and her mother said, in her calm voice: "This is Paul Quentin, Megan. He is—almost she altered the tense but stopped herself in time—"is a friend of Adrian's. He has come to stay with us for a little while. Megan is the elder of Adrian's sisters, Paul."

Megan came forward firmly. Calmness in difficult situations, composure in the face of the unexpected, had always been her mother's criterion of the cultivated person.

"How do you do, Paul?" she said. "It's just a bit of a shock to be brought quite so close to Adrian again, but when I get used to it I shall be awfully glad if you will talk to us about him."

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

WHENEVER his wife or one of the children is home with a cold Bill Smith calls from the office several times a day. And if the illness is more serious, he almost becomes ill himself with worry.

Tom Brennan reacts in quite another way. It makes him angry to have anyone ill. Men who feel as does Bill Smith are likely to have had a mother or father who got terribly anxious whenever there was any sort of illness.

Even a slight cold was considered serious. But in Tom Brennan's family, you can be pretty sure that Dad and Mother were irritated by the extra work or responsibility that illness brought. Or it may have been

The Shades Will Not Vanish

Continued from page 10

Good girl, she's a good girl, Mary Carmichael thought exultantly. Nothing insincere, no polite mouthings; just the right amount of self-control. How madly proud of children one could feel! A moment such as this repaid one a thousand-fold for enduring all their annoying, aggravating ways.

Since James Carmichael's illness the carving and serving of the meals were always done by Joady and Mary Carmichael in the kitchen; then Mary took her place at the head of the table in the dining-room and either Honor or Megan brought in the plates, while Joady took James' dinner and her own to his study.

James had insisted on this arrangement, for his attempts at eating with his still slightly paralysed hand were unsuitable for the public gaze, he maintained, and he would allow no one but Joady with him at meal-times.

It was many months since Mary Carmichael had consciously felt the bitterness which his choice of Joady, rather than herself, had roused in her, for there was wisdom in the arrangement.

And, of course, no one could resent Joady. She was fat and briskly efficient, her hair and her apron equally white, her smooth face and forehead unlined by violent emotions.

She had come to Thorncield as mother's help when Adrian was born, and since then she had seldom left it, except for occasional duty visits to ailing members of her family; they had called her Joan then, but Adrian had christened her "Joady" with his first few distinguishable words, and this name had clung.

None of them could remember a time when they hadn't needed Joady; she never betrayed any deep feeling for any of them, and her strict impartiality and lack of sentiment had made her the perfect adjudicator in the innumerable struggles which she had been called upon to settle.

Her one weakness, a passionate devotion to the Carmichael children, she had effectively concealed beneath a dourness which was only skin-deep, but which was sufficient to maintain the strict discipline without which she would

have been an easy prey for them.

To-night Mary was thankful for James' plan, though she would have been glad of his expert assistance in handling a difficult conversation. Still, the girls would help; thank goodness they were not the dumb, staring, giggling type.

She had sent Megan to knock at Paul's door when the dinner was ready and, as she stood by the sideboard, pouring the sherry, he came slowly into the dining-room.

"It's pretty, isn't it?" he said, smiling at her.

"Yes," she said. "I think it's a lovely room."

It was lit by an amber-shaded standard lamp; the dark wood of the table, dotted with its lace mats, threw up the brilliance of the green bowl

of nasturtiums in the centre, and the fire burned brightly in the red brick fireplace.

Mary Carmichael seated herself, indicating Paul's chair on her right. The girls came in with the plates and seated themselves.

"This is Paul Quentin, Honor," Mary said. "My younger daughter, Paul."

"How do you do?" said Honor. "Will you have pepper and salt, Paul? And there's mustard in that little pot thing. I adore mustard—I could eat shoals of it. Couldn't you?"

"Well," he said, considering, "I like it in moderation. I should think you'd need to get acclimated to it, wouldn't you?"

"Thank goodness! It was going to be easy; both Megan and her mother felt a wave of relief."

Please turn to page 45

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The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 25, 1951

MARY said easily, the strain already smoothing out of her voice. "Honor is notoriously immoderate in her enthusiasms, and she's never sufficiently constant to become accustomed to anything."

"Above is one of the chief methods of argument here," replied Honor calmly. "Thank goodness I've never had to descend to it yet."

Heaven! The composure of the creature! Mary thought. When I was sixteen—Every one was easy, smiling. Suddenly Paul said, tentatively: "Does Mr. Carmichael—I mean, doesn't he dine—?"

And then they were all able to join in the explanation, to tell him about the stroke which had paralysed James two years ago and from which he was now greatly recovered; they were able to talk about Joady, to recall anecdotes about Joady, to enumerate her excellences and so to give him briefly a sketch of the family background.

He turned from one to the other, listening to each in turn with, seemingly, a deep interest. Then Megan began to tell him about Joady on Adrian's wedding day, when Anthea...

As the story proceeded Mary felt a difference in his attitude and, carefully careless, she turned to observe him. Yes, his expression had changed, the lightness was gone from his face. As she watched him, he folded his table-napkin in two, then across again and then again; when it became too bulky to fold any more, his fingers became frenzied in their efforts. Then they were still.

Suddenly he tapped twice with two fingers against his thumb and his hands relaxed; but there were drops of perspiration on his upper lip and quickly he wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. He slumped back in his chair, looking spent, and Megan's little story ended heavily.

Both girls turned their eyes to her but she frowned at their discomposure and said quietly: "I'm afraid that that fire is too warm to-night. We're inclined to hurry into making fires too early in the year, Paul, because we love the look of them in this room."

Then as he still looked vaguely at her, she went on quickly: "Honor, will you take Paul's plate? And Megan, bring in the dessert, please."

By the time they reassembled he was back again with them, but the atmosphere had changed. After a moment he said, inquiringly: "Anthea? Yes, of course, she is Adrian's wife. He—often spoke of her."

"She's lovely," said Honor. "She's the most super thing!" "What abominably inaccurate terms you use," said Megan. "Isn't she, Mother?" Honor asked indignantly. "Wouldn't you say Anthea is super?"

"If you mean that she's near perfection, then I agree," answered her mother. Turning to Paul, she went on, "It would be difficult to tell you how

The Shades Will Not Vanish

Continued from page 44

much Anthea has come to mean to us. She was everything to Adrian and she has been a perfect mother to his children throughout this terrible time. More than that, she came to our aid when my husband fell ill and took over the running of his business, which she has managed excellently for over two years now."

More easily, she went on, "It's all the more wonderful because Anthea has never had any special training for business work; her family are wealthy and she led a very sheltered, easy life. She has had a tremendous amount to learn, and she has worked night and day to learn it. She even parted with the children..."

He started so suddenly that Megan, sitting beside him, jumped and stared at him. "The children—aren't they with her? Aren't they here?" he said tensely.

Mary was so taken aback that she paused a moment. Before she could speak Honor said easily: "Gosh! You must be keen on kids. Haven't got much time for them myself, but then, chacin a son goat, as we say at St. Anne's."

"And you say it with the most execrable accent," said Megan.

Mary was able to continue. "The children are weekly boarders at a school in Mitcham," she said evenly. "They come home on Friday night, generally, but they're coming on Saturday morning this time, so you'll see them to-morrow. You'll see Anthea this evening, though; she's coming here after dinner to see my husband."

Dear God! she thought, whatever is going on in his mind? If only I knew... but it's just that he's in a highly nervous state. That must be all... yet she discovered that her hands were quivering and she pressed them firmly on the table as she stood up.

"We generally have our coffee in the living-room with my husband and Joady," she said. "If you girls will clear away here you can bring the coffee in as you come. Will you come with me, Paul?"

"Oh, Mother may I go down to the Kyles for half an hour, when we've finished here?" Megan asked.

"Of course, Megan," Megan looked at Paul, who was standing at the door.

"Paul, would you care to come across with me? They'd love to meet you, and I think you'd like the walk."

As her mother looked inquiringly at Paul, Megan thought swiftly, Why did I suggest that? Now Julian won't bring me home. But there was nothing to be done about it now.

Mary Carmichael was saying: "If you're feeling too tired, Paul..." "No, I'm not tired. Yes, Megan, I'll come. I'd love to come."

He held the door open and then followed Mary across the hall.

James was alone when they entered the living-room. He sat in a high, straight-backed chair, a rug across his knees; beside him, on a white mat in front of the fire, lay a long, lean ginger cat, blinking amber eyes at the firelight.

"Come in, come in," he said. "Jenkins and I are bored with each other."

Only the slightest shurring of his words betrayed the fact that there had been a time

when one side of his mouth was so distorted that he had hidden himself from his daughters for two long months. His wife seated herself at one end of the settee and Paul sat beside her.

Megan came in with the coffee cups, followed by Honor carrying the coffee-jug, which she set down beside the cups on the low, round table which Megan had placed in front of her mother.

"Guess what?" Honor said in an amazed tone. "Joady said I needn't help her wash up, and when I insisted she simply threw me out!"

All the Carmichaels looked surprised.

"You're an honored guest, Paul," James said, smiling his faintly crooked smile at him. "That's the first time I can remember Joady's relaxing a rule—eh, Mary?"

His wife laughed and nodded as she handed Paul his coffee.

Honor sat in a chair opposite her father.

"It's just that she's realised that I'm getting frail," she said dreamily. "You know, I think I'm outgrowing my strength or something."

"Never mind, dear," said her mother gently. "Your physical strength will always outlast your mental powers: we can be sure of that."

"Just to avoid an ugly family row, Paul," Honor said, suddenly jumping to her feet, "I'll sing to you. Shall I, Mother?"

"Yes. Sing two songs—Paul should be able to endure just two, even if he objects to singing."

"No," he said, sitting back happily. "I love singing."

HONOR opened the piano and began to sing "Freut Euch des Lebens" in an easy, sweetly high voice. The light from a cream-shaded lamp on a ledge beside the gleaming, dark piano, shone on her straight, shoulder-length hair, turning its pale honey color to a deeper shade.

She did indeed look frail, Mary thought, as she gazed at the delicately textured skin, the faintly up-turned nose, the large, deeply blue eyes. But she wasn't; she was thoroughly healthy and therefore this ethereal appearance would only be an asset as she grew up. For Honor was going to be beautiful; she was really beautiful now, in an unfinished way, but when the richness of maturity came to her she would be startling.

What are her thoughts, her central, most abiding thoughts? Mary wondered. But one never knew that about anyone but oneself.

James smoked his pipe, holding it for practice in the hand that was so gloriously recovering from its uselessness. A rush of delight always came to him when he managed to manipulate something successfully with that hand.

He turned his head to look at Paul; he was leaning forward, his hands clasped between his knees, his eyes unclouded and serene with pleasure as he gazed intently at Honor. I suppose he has no idea, James thought, of how violently he has made us all feel to-day. His coming had stirred up anguish that had been overcome, had twisted remembrance as a knife into wounds that were healing.

But Paul was quite unaware, James knew: there was obviously some mental disturbance there, he thought, and it was just something they could do for Adrian's memory if they helped to ease it and calm it a little while he was with them.

Suddenly his attempts at detached reasoning broke down as he had, briefly, a vision of Adrian sitting there. If only he were there beside this lad! Dear, beloved boy—Adrian. How could he be gone, nowhere, not in the world! His lips trembled and he transferred the pipe to the other hand, giving up the struggle temporarily.

Paul sat listening to the lovely notes, absorbing the gentle melody into his mind; an unusually beautiful voice, she had, and she sang with artistry far beyond her years. Oh, these people were soothing. He had been so right to come here—he thought exultantly of how right he had been.

Though he had only spoken to him once, he felt that Adrian was near all the time, had been ever since he had come; and he knew that to-night they both would rest, that there would be no dream. And he had only to carry out his part of the bargain and this happiness, this heavenly freedom, would continue always.

Not that he didn't want Adrian at night; but that was a different Adrian. In the daytime, or whenever Paul was awake, Adrian was always alive and gay and a good companion; but the Adrian that came at night was—dead. No! Had he said it aloud? He looked at the others, but they were listening quietly, with the relief came the tears, and he grimaced in order to fight them back.

Honor let her hands lie in her lap for a moment when she had finished, her head slightly bent. Gosh! She's a showman, Megan thought admiringly. What a complicated creature she is—nothing obvious or easily recognisable about her.

As Honor began to sing "Afton Water," Megan turned her head to look at her mother. How—how civilised she is, she thought. In fact, we're all pretty highly cultivated, or we wouldn't be behaving as well as this. She hadn't yet recovered completely from the shock of meeting Paul and of realising almost at once that, despite his pleasant and fairly unremarkable appearance, he was odd and strange; she wondered if the others knew—but of course they must.

And he was nice; he was very likeable, with his unvoiced appeal for gentleness and kindly forbearance. Suddenly he grimaced furiously and turned his head away; Megan looked away, too, her heart beating heavily.

Honor finished her song. For a moment, her hands lay in her lap, and then she spun merrily round on the piano-stool. She came and stood in front of Paul.

"Did I sing well? Did you enjoy it?" she asked.

"Beautifully," he said. "I would like to hear you sing often—very, very often."

Pleased, she pirouetted to the big chair and lay back once more, looking into the flames.

Please turn to page 47

Beauty in brief:

Beauty under the skin

By CAROLYN EARLE

● When a woman's skin is less than lovely she may have to look deeper than surface complexion for the reason.

WE all have two layers of skin—a transparent topmost one beneath which lies the true or underskin; faults and blemishes seen on the surface are often the result of poor condition underneath.

Among other things, the important underskin is laced with glands, cells, fat, and muscle tissue, tiny capillaries, and so on. These constitute the laboratory upon which outer skin beauty depends.

The plot for upkeep involves nothing elaborate. Remember that circulation is terribly important to good skin and that we can, in the small ways of cleaning the skin with soap and water or cleansing cream, applying make-up or removing it with a washcloth or tissue, benefit the underskin by following the simple upward, outward, circular, gently firm fundamentals of massage.

Experts can usually hand you something worthwhile beauty-wise, so treat yourself to an occasional facial.



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The Shades Will Not Vanish

MEGAN stood up. "It's half-past seven, Mother," she said. "I think Paul and I will go now, so that we can get back when Anthea comes. She won't get here till about nine, will she?"

As they were moving to the door, Honor sprang up and ran to Paul, grasping both his hands as she looked up at him.

"Tell me, Paul," she said, "are you the kind of person who can't bear to recall awful things that have happened to you, or do you mind if we ask you things? You see, we're all wanting to know about Adrian—and the things that happened to him—all the things, the good things and the horrible, dreadful things. Will you tell us some time, or would you rather we didn't ask?"

Where angels fear to tread, James thought, smoking quietly. Mary was looking aghast. Paul looked down at Honor.

"No," he said, in a surprised tone. "I don't mind. I didn't want to make you sad. But I'll tell you anything you ask—I don't mind. There's only one thing I don't like to think of..." He looked away from her quickly.

"Then don't think of it," she said, and laid her hand over his eyes. "I'm so glad you've come, Paul. Don't go away for a long while..." She was gone, her footsteps echoing in the little silence she had left behind her.

"Come on, Paul, or we'll never be back," Megan said. They stepped out together into the moonlight night.

Outside the gate they passed through the little thicket of young wattles, and then Megan

turned left and they walked across the square paddock, along a narrow track, which passed under trees here and there.

"Dear God! How sweet are all things here, How beautiful the fields appear..."

"Do you know who wrote that?" Paul asked suddenly.

"No," Megan was surprised. "No, I can't remember his name. But I know he was one of the early Romantic Revival people."

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I've been thinking of those lines ever since I got off the train. Wish we knew his name."

"I'll ask Julian," said Megan. Always it was a blessing to say his name.

"Who is he?"

"The man we're going to see to-night."

"But who is he? How old is he? Tell me all about him."

"This was heaven-sent. Excitement raced through her as she began to tell him about Julian."

"Well, he's—oh, I don't know how old he is. But that's not important. But Alec's twenty-two, so he must be about... oh, what does age matter, anyway? He's an artist, a terribly good artist. And he has a horrid job—teaching art. He's so much too good for it."

Her voice lost its careful nonchalance. "It's a wicked shame. But he's going to be famous one day."

"Well," said Paul reasonably, "he's leaving it a bit late, isn't he?"

Megan was shocked. "Why," she said indignantly, "lots of artists begin late. Look at Van Gogh."

Continued from page 45

"Yes, but he was Van Gogh. One in a hundred might do it. Anyway, what about the others? He's got a son, you said. What does he do?"

Her mind steadied from its angry hurt and she said: "Well, Alec has never really been able to do anything. He paints, too, and I think he's very good and his work has been praised in the city. But he's more or less an invalid."

"What's wrong with him?"

"Oh, no one knows much. He's just sort of ill. He had rheumatic fever about five years ago, but even before that he was always ill, ever since they came here about ten years ago."

They walked in silence for a few minutes.

"There's something unusual about his illness, isn't there?" Paul asked at length.

There was a pause before Megan answered, and there was an uncomfortable note in her voice when she spoke. But she was so eager to talk about Julian and the others as they affected Julian that she began to tell him the whole story about Alec and his mother, about her appalling possessiveness and her leech-like grip on both the men.

As her voice presently trailed off Paul said, "What about the father? What part does he play in all this?"

"Oh—Julian. Well, what can he do? He's an artist—and terribly sensitive. And she's such a dreadful woman. His life would be unbearable with scenes and ugliness. No, he could do nothing."

"Strikes me," Paul said, looking at her closely, "that he could do a great deal if he tried."

As he saw the angry, indignant expression on her face he went on quickly, "And why are we going there to-night?"

"Well," said Megan, "this is a secret. I'm not telling the family to-night, but I wanted Julian to know... I've won a scholarship to Oxford—a two years' scholarship."

"That's wonderful," Paul said happily. "You must be very clever. Congratulations, Megan."

"Thanks," said Megan. "But, you see, Paul, I'm not going."

"Oh. Why?"

"Well, there are things which keep me here—things I'd rather have than that."

"Are you sure you'll still want them more in another twelve months?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I'll always want them, all my life."

They had come to the barred fence which skirted the road, and Paul leant against it, resting his elbows on the top bar.

"There are things," he said slowly, "for which you'd give your life at one time, which can become valueless to you in twelve months' time."

"Oh, no," she said vehemently. "No, Paul, not this. This is forever."

Notice to Contributors

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They looked at each other for a moment. It was impossible that they were strangers, Megan thought. Then:

"Maybe," he said. "Time will tell. Are you going over or through?"

Happiness swept back to her.

"Over, of course," she said. "Do you think I'm a sissy?"

But she stumbled on the other side of the fence and had to lurch for four or five staggering steps before she could recover herself. And Paul laughed—a hearty, strong laugh. She thought with surprise, I believe I'm good for him—and quickly she threw a clod of earth at him and ran.

He caught her up in a few paces and took her arm happily; they swung into step down the middle of the road.

"No," he said briskly, "point out the landmarks to me; tell me where everything is and where everyone lives."

Obediently she told him who lived in the houses whose lights shone among the trees. This one lived here, that one there. Over to the right was Cedar Hill, where Anthea lived.

At first his head turned obediently as she pointed, but gradually she felt the different quality in the clasp of his hand on her arm—a slackening, a withdrawal; soon she realised that he hadn't been listening for some little while. His hand dropped to his side and he lowered his head, completely absorbed. Megan fell silent and they walked on much more slowly.

His mind was a pitiful confusion of panic and guilt. He'd forgotten! For a few moments he'd quite forgotten why he had come. Supposing it went right out of his thoughts and he left with his promise unfulfilled, returned to an endless succession of nights with Adrian... and he might never get the chance again.

He recalled the violent shock he'd felt at dinner when he'd misunderstood Mrs. Carmichael, when he'd thought that the children wouldn't be there. But they would be here to-morrow. Suddenly he realised that he could do nothing before to-morrow; that he was free to-night; that he could relax and think of other things to-night.

Relief came to the turmoil of his thoughts. Yes, but still... he mustn't forget entirely, as he had done just now; that was dangerous, for things did go quite away from his mind sometimes, things that he could never recall clearly again. He must do something to keep it in his mind... but what?

Then he glanced down at his wrist and joy came to him. Of course, of course—and such a simple thing.

Megan's heart turned over as he suddenly unstrapped his watch from his wrist, laid it on the ground, and smashed the glass with his heel.

"Paul!" Her voice was shaking. "Paul—why did you do that?"

Quite composed, and smiling now, he strapped the watch back on his wrist.

"Why? Oh, I—I had to," he said. "Never mind about that. Where on earth do these people live?"

They walked on, but this time he talked and Megan tried to calm herself to face the Kyles family.

To be continued

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At Bedtime... MILO is the friend of sleep. A bedtime cup of MILO helps induce sound, restful sleep... soothes body and nerves... helps you relax. Remember this: "A cup of MILO last thing at night, you'll face the new day cheerful and bright."

• The recipes on this page are guaranteed to bring back nostalgic memories of the dishes "mother used to make." Include some of them in to-day's menus.

SOME old-fashioned recipes, such as custard tart, have never lost their popularity, though it is not always easy to make a custard that cuts easily and a pastry-case that is not soggy on the bottom.

Brush the base and sides of the tart with slightly beaten egg-white (one of the eggs used in the custard may be robbed of a little white) and allow it to dry to help prevent the custard soaking in. A thin layer of any smooth jam also helps to prevent sogginess.

Powdered milk mixed a little stronger than usual makes a velvety, smooth custard.

All spoon measurements are level.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING

One and a half pounds chuck or bladebone steak, 1 or 2 kidneys, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 3 dessertspoons flour, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup carrot cut into $\frac{1}{4}$ in. cubes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock or water, 8oz. suet crust.

Suet Crust: Sift eight ounces plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder (or use half plain and half self-raising flour and omit baking powder). Rub in 4oz. finely shredded suet, mix to a dry dough with 4 tablespoons water.

Skin kidneys, soak in salted water. Trim meat and cut into $\frac{1}{4}$ in. cubes. Remove core from kidney, cut into small pieces. Mix steak and kidney with flour, salt, and pepper. Add onion, carrot, and chopped parsley. Prepare suet crust, cut off two-thirds to line basin. Knead and roll both portions to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Line basin with larger piece, bringing pastry well up and over edge. Fill with prepared meat mixture, add stock or water. Moisten edge of pastry, place smaller portion on top. Pinch edges of pastry together. Tie floured pudding-cloth firmly over top (a basin with a rim is necessary). Plunge into boiling water, cook steadily $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours. Remove cloth, carefully cut a triangle of pastry from top, and add a little more heated stock if necessary. Leave in basin and serve with a serviette pinned around as illustrated.

COFFEE SLAB CAKE

Four ounces good shortening, 4oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 6oz. flour, 2 tablespoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons milk.

Topping: One tablespoon butter, 3 dessert-

spoons sugar, 3 tablespoons plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each nutmeg, cinnamon, salt.

Cream shortening with sugar and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt alternately with milk. Turn into well-greased slab-tin, prepare topping. Work all ingredients well together with the fingers until the mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs or coarse sand. Sprinkle over top of cake. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 40 to 50 minutes. Cover a cake-cooler with a clean tea-towel, carefully turn cake on to this. Reverse cake carefully to avoid breaking crumble top,

and allow to cool the right way up. Slice or cut into blocks when cold.

CUSTARD TART

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, plum jam, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 6 tablespoons powdered milk, 2 large eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, nutmeg.

Roll shortcrust thinly on floured board, line tart-plate. Brush base and sides of pastry-case lightly with slightly beaten egg-white; allow to dry out. Spread base with a thin layer of jam. Warm water slightly, add powdered milk, beat until smoothly mixed. Beat eggs with sugar and vanilla. Mix into milk. Transfer to pastry-case a tablespoonful at a time until one-third is used, then carefully pour in balance. Dust top with nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 10 minutes, then reduce heat and cook until custard is set.

URNEY PUDDING

Two ounces shortening, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 4oz. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 tablespoon jam.

Cream shortening and sugar, add beaten egg a little at a time, and mix well. Fold in milk, soda, and jam (plum jam gives a good result). Turn into greased mould, cover with greased paper. Steam $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or free steam in pressure cooker for 1 hour. Free steam means to cook without vent weight in position. Turn cooked pudding out of mould and serve with custard.

BRAISED OX-TAIL

One ox-tail, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 cups stock or water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced carrot, 1 chopped onion, parsley.

Wash tail well, dry, cut into joints. Trim off excess fat. Coat thoroughly with flour, pepper, and salt. Brown well on all sides in hot fat in heavy saucepan. Add stock or water, simmer $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours or pressure cook 1 hour. Celery, carrot, and onion should

be added about 1 hour before serving-time, or if pressure cooked reduce pressure after $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, add vegetables, and pressure cook a further 15 minutes. Garnish with parsley.

Note: If cooked in a saucepan it may be necessary to add more water, as so much evaporates during the long, slow cooking.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

Half pound flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk.

Sift flour and salt into a basin, make a well in centre. Break eggs and put into well. Break yolks with wooden spoon and gradually work flour in from the sides until the two eggs have formed a thick paste in middle of basin. Add milk gradually in the same way, stirring in from the sides. When half the milk has been used, all the flour should have been moistened. Beat with wooden spoon until quite smooth. Then gradually add balance of milk. Allow to stand 1 hour. Pour into baking-dish under the roast joint; vegetables would need to be moved to a separate dish at this stage. Or Yorkshire pudding may be cooked $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in a separate dish with hot fat. Oven should be hot.

AUNT ANNE'S GRAMMA PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2lb. gramma, grated rind and juice of 1 small lemon, nut of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar (or more to taste), 2 tablespoons currants, small quantity lemon butter, cinnamon.

Roll shortcrust thinly on floured board. Line 7in. or 8in. tart-plate, trim edges, and pinch a frill. Brush edges with water or milk, prick base and sides well with a fork. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Peel gramma, cut into even-sized pieces. Cook in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain, mash well with lemon rind and juice, butter, and sugar. Add currants; allow to cool. Spread base of cold pastry-case with lemon butter, fill with gramma mixture. Dust top with cinnamon. Reheat, or serve cold.

OLD FASHIONED FLAVORS

By our food and cookery experts

New art of cooking meat

• Baking meat at a low temperature reduces loss through shrinkage and evaporation and makes for richer flavor.

THIS is an important consideration these days when every housewife is interested in "getting the most out of the roast."

Experiment and research have proved that the all-important point in baking meat to a moist tenderness is to cook at about 325 to 350deg. F. in gas ovens and approximately 50 degrees higher in electric ovens.

Wipe the meat with a clean damp cloth before cooking—do not wash it.

If the meat has been stored in a refrigerator thaw it to room temperature before cooking.

The modern theory is that salt penetrates only half an inch into the meat. The juices drawn out by the salt add flavor and nutritive value to the drip-

ping. So season the meat with salt before placing it in the baking-dish.

Place the meat fat side up in a shallow baking-dish with melted fat to a depth of half an inch. Do not cover the baking-dish or add water, or you will create steam, which should be avoided in dry-heat baking.

Placed fat side up, the joint bastes itself. If it is very lean, occasional basting may be necessary.

Small joints need longer cooking-time per pound than larger ones. Meat with a bone takes less time per pound.

Allow 30 to 40 minutes per pound if you like your meat done "medium," a longer time for well done and shorter for rare.

Keep the oven temperature as steady and as even as possible.

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Reader's jam recipe wins £5

A recipe for fig and rhubarb jam, which has a rich flavor, wins the £5 prize this week. You're sure to like the combination of tastes as well as the simplicity of preparation.

WELSH meat balls, an ideal casserole dish for winter meals, is another prizewinner. A rich tart and a tea-cake that will be popular additions to your recipe file win consolation prizes, too.

Have you entered a recipe in our popular contest lately? If not, send your family favorite or any unusual or original recipe which you have to Cookery Section, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Write clearly on one side of paper only, and give your full name and address (including State) on each page.

All spoon measurements are level.

RHUBARB AND FIG JAM

Three pounds rhubarb (approximately 2 bunches), 3lb. sugar, juice of 2 lemons, 4lb. preserved figs.

Wash rhubarb, cut into thin pieces. Place in large basin, cover with half sugar, leave overnight. Add lemon juice, turn into preserving pan (enamel lined is best). Bring slowly to boiling point, stirring occasionally. Add balance of sugar and figs, stir gently until sugar is dissolved. Boil steadily until mixture "jells" when tested on cold saucer. Bottle while hot into warm, dry jars; seal when cold.

First Prize of £5 to Miss L. Fisher, Woongoolba, via Yatala, Qld.

BANANA TEA CAKE

Two ounces butter or other shortening, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup mashed bananas, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup plain flour, ½ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup chopped walnuts (or mixed nuts), extra 1 teaspoon butter and 1 tablespoon chopped nuts.

Cream shortening and sugar. Add well-mashed bananas, nuts, and beaten egg. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk in which soda has been dissolved. Fill into greased 8in. sandwich-tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 30 to 35 minutes. Brush with melted butter, top with extra nuts.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss S. Warby, 5 Kerta Weeta Ave., Black Forest, S.A.

WELSH MEAT BALLS

One and a half pounds minced steak, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 onions, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 cup water.

Mix steak with salt and pepper to taste, parsley, and sauces. Mould into 8 or 10 balls using 1 tablespoon of the flour. Slice peeled onions, brown lightly in hot fat, remove. Add meat balls, brown on all sides. Transfer to greased casserole. Combine remaining 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, and curry powder, blend with water and vinegar. Add to casserole. Cover, cook in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 1 hour. Remove lid, place sliced apple (peeled and cored) and onion slices on top of meat. Replace lid, continue cooking further ½ hour. Top with extra chopped parsley, serve hot with cooked rice and vegetables.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Harvey, 7 Pacific St., Clovelly, N.S.W.

CUMBERLAND TART

Eight ounces shortcrust or puff pastry, 4oz. mixed fruit or sultanas, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons rum.

Icing: Four ounces icing sugar, 5 teaspoons water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Plump fruit by covering with boiling water. Allow to stand 2 to 3 minutes, drain, dry. Mix with butter, sugar, and rum. Roll pastry thinly, line 7in. tart-plate with half. Cover with fruit mixture. Glaze edge, cover with remaining pastry. Trim edges, pinch together. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, continue cooking further 20 to 25 minutes. Allow to become quite cold before covering top with icing. Mix icing ingredients together until quite smooth. Stir over gentle heat or boiling water until thick pouring consistency. Spread quickly over tart.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. K. Rundell, 2a Thompson St., Ormond, Vic.



WELSH MEAT BALLS with a topping of apple and onion slices look interesting and the flavor is pleasing. Served with cooked rice and vegetables they make an appetizing dish.



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MOTHERCRAFT

Foster creative gifts

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

A CREATIVE force is inherent in some degree in everyone, but this mechanical age tends to deprive many of the opportunity to develop this gift.

Parents should watch for these natural creative impulses and foster them.

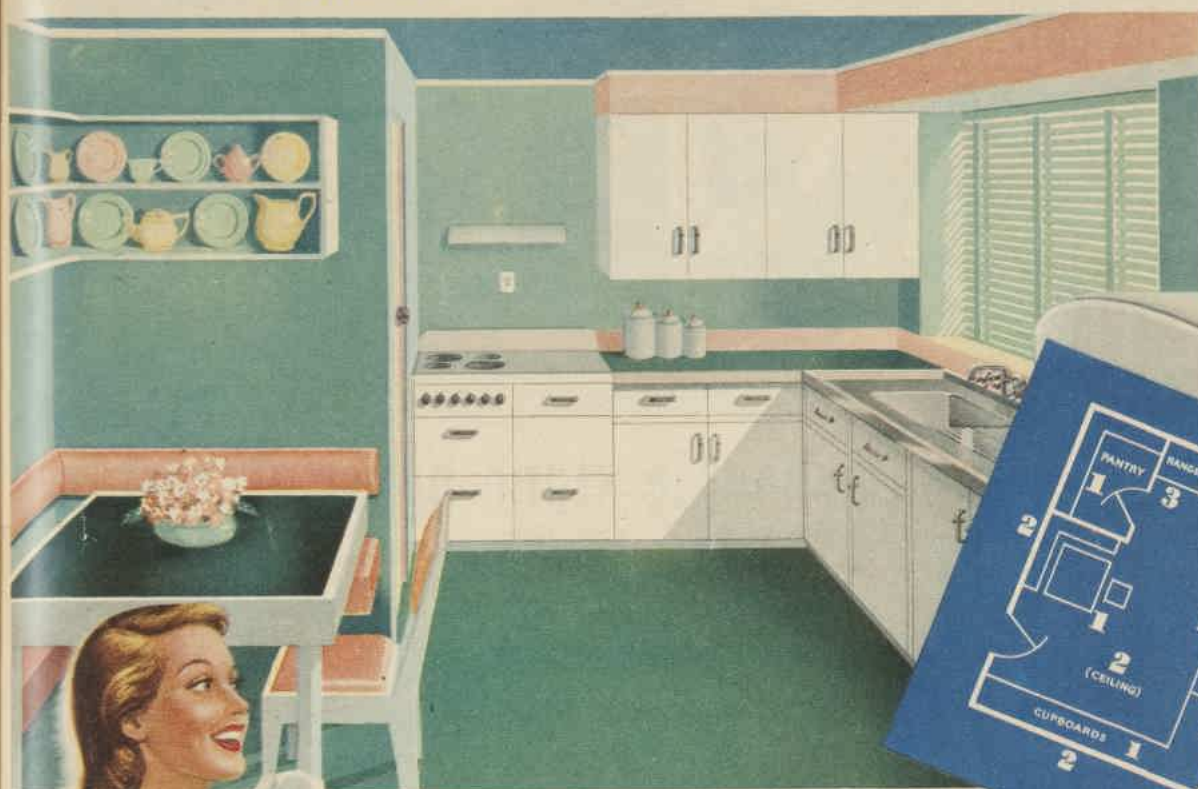
It is natural for a child to draw pictures, make music,

dance, and write stories.

Early efforts should be encouraged and materials provided, or the creative urge may be lost.

A leaflet describing how these creative forces can be encouraged and trained can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

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makes walls and ceilings into backgrounds of living colour. Pastel colours are decorator-chosen.



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protects water pipes and stove fittings from rust effects and adds colour to the general picture.



THIS BRISBANE HOUSE was restored to its original beauty by Mr. and Mrs. Russell Cuppaige.

Before



ANOTHER VIEW showing how the unsightly additions obscured the stonework of the original old house. But enough was visible to attract Mr. and Mrs. Cuppaige.

After



THE SAME HOUSE TO-DAY. French doors from bedrooms above open on to the balcony and give a picturesque view of the Brisbane River. The central window above the entrance lets light filter through to the stairway and the landing beneath.

Ramshackle stone house is restored

THE years had not dealt kindly with an old stone house in Eblin Drive, Hamilton, Brisbane, and when Mr. and Mrs. Russell Cuppaige saw it one pleasant Sunday afternoon it was right down on its luck.

That was eight years ago. Ramshackle wooden additions almost hid the beauty of the original stone.

As Mrs. Cuppaige stopped to look at the quaint attic windows and what was visible of the fine stonework, she

imagined what it would look like without the timber additions and yearned to own it.

Then she and her husband decided to buy it.

They did not know then that shortage of materials and labor would delay the realisation of their dream for eight years, that they would have to camp in the living-room until the bedrooms were rebuilt upstairs, that they would have to use an outside stairway to the top floors because there was no indoor staircase.

In those eight years Mr. and Mrs. Cuppaige have restored character and dignity to the

house, completely reconstructing the upper story.

Some of the old timber was used for this, and part of the original stone chimney found in the yard yielded enough stone to make a terraced entrance and a flagged courtyard at the back of the house.

The slate roof of the old house was in ruins, so the Cuppaiges set out to collect enough slate to make a new roof for the second story. They looked out for old houses that were being demolished, and if the houses had slate roofs they bought the slate. Their roof is now a pleasant combination

of grey and mauve slates.

A staircase now leads from the entrance hall to the top story.

Pride of Mrs. Cuppaige's heart is her summer-house, formerly an old lift in a city store. She had often admired its beautiful wrought iron. When she heard it was to be replaced by a modern lift, she hurried along and bought it. "They thought I was mad," she said, "but a coat of paint and a creeper or two will make it a thing of beauty."

Two old buggy lamps are the lights on the garage, which is nearly finished.



PART OF THE OLD BUILDING, the spacious living-room has white doors and ceiling. The original fireplace and mantel have been retained. Pink Venetian glass gives color.



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bristles!



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Stop using that toothbrush with knife cut bristles. They cut your gums.



THE STUDY opens off the entrance hall. Decorative motifs are the Rockingham dogs on the built-in bookcase and an old Staffordshire ornament on the mantelpiece. Chintz covers on the settee and chairs are in a floral pattern.



ORGANDIE CURTAINS and floral covers on the bed and chairs are among the furnishings in daughter Virginia's room. Flowers and shells framing the mirror repeat the color scheme. A built-in dressing-table, with a flounce that hides the shelves, and a desk are placed under the windows, which command beautiful panoramic views.



A CORNER in the sitting-room. Pastel tones of a floral study are repeated in the furnishings.



SMALL ENTRANCE HALL with new staircase reflected in the mirror. Cupboards have been built underneath the stairs.



FIRST-FLOOR LANDING is furnished with a 16th century Dutch bureau of inlaid vycamore, and a piano out of camera range.

Plant magnolias now

ALTHOUGH magnolias are beginning to wake from their winter sleep they may be planted out in the garden now.

Sometimes called lily-trees, there are perhaps no other hardy trees or shrubs possessing so many attractive qualities.

In Australia they provide an almost unbroken succession of bloom from late July, when the furry buds of deciduous species begin to unfold, until November, when the later varieties start to flower.

Some varieties even bloom throughout the summer, and one variety, *Magnolia tripetala*, the umbrella tree, produces good blossom in autumn. Magnolias are not fussy about soil or climate, and grow

in all States. Very severe frosts will affect the less hardy varieties, but it has to be severe to kill them. They come from Asia and North and Central America, where heavy frosts and snowfalls are frequent.

Deep loamy soil containing plenty of rotted leaf mould is best for magnolias. Many of them, notably *Magnolia grandiflora* and *soulangiana*, are not averse to limestone provided there is a good depth of top soil and the subsoil is well broken up. While the deciduous varieties are here all winter they more than make up for it in the spring.

Some of the more popular varieties other than those mentioned are Port Wine Magnolia, *Magnolia stellata* (starry white blooms), and the hybrids of more recent introduction.

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F6492

F6492.—Baby's lace-trimmed dress and petticoat. Size, infants. Requires 1yd. 36in. material for dress and ¾yd. 36in. material for petticoat, plus 7½yds. ½in. lace edging and 1½yds. 1in. lace edging. Garments are not sold separately. Price complete, 2/6.



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F6495.—Floor-length evening skirt with shaped waistband. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist measurements. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/9.

F6496.—Smart cape collar for a slim one-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

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equals
EDINBURGH
COUGH MIXTURE



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The modern tonic
SPECIALLY FORMULATED FOR
WOMEN OF ALL AGES
AT CHEMISTS ONLY

BREEZILY, Richard said, "Well, well, well, it's a pleasure to meet the Aunt Jane I've heard so much about. You're much younger than I thought."

Disregarding the arm she half-raised to fend him off, he enveloped her rather large frame and kissed her formidable cheek. Thinking that deserved some slight reward, he turned and hugged Joyce, too. "We'll show her round, eh, darling? We'll paint the town red."

"I'm only in town for a shopping trip," protested Aunt Jane.

"What?" said Richard. That last kiss had thrown him off balance a bit. "Oh! Now, Aunt Jane, you're our guest, and we want you to have a good time. Dinner first. We'll go to a nice lively place," Richard said.

At the nice lively place Richard had several cocktails

Anything For A Friend

Continued from page 7

and allowed them to show a little. He kept holding Joyce's hand and patting Aunt Jane's reserved arm.

"Tony, please!" said Joyce. "You're attracting attention."

Richard laughed. "So what? How'd you like to go to a good show, Aunt Jane?"

Aunt Jane murmured that she'd like a quiet evening, and Joyce said, frowning: "It's too late to get tickets, isn't it, Tony?"

"Leave it to me," Richard boasted.

They saw a musical revue that depended largely on its acreage of bare skin to get by.

Richard laughed at the re-conditioned jokes and leaned forward on the edge of his seat with each multi-legged chorus number. In between times he put his arm round Joyce and touched his cheek to hers.

After that it was hard to tell

if her annoyance was real or simulated.

"I think we fixed that up," said Richard, taking Joyce home from Aunt Jane's hotel.

"It was a most convincing performance," Joyce agreed.

At eighty-three the following evening Richard tapped at the door of Aunt Jane's room schooled against a chilly reception.

"Tony, dear," said Aunt Jane. "I've been telling Joyce how fortunate she is to have a young man like you."

Richard gaped at Joyce, who nodded glumly behind Aunt Jane's broad back.

"I got through all my shopping to-day! At nine-thirty you can just put me on my train."

Later, back at his flat after seeing off Aunt Jane, Richard said to Joyce: "I don't understand it. I thought I did a good job."

Joyce shook her head. "You're so full of life and vitality, she says, just like dear Uncle Edward before he passed away. She says you'll need checking now and then, just as Uncle Edward did, but she knows we'll be very happy together."

Richard struggled with a grin. He found in himself an odd lack of disappointment over the failure of their plans. Instead, he felt glad because Joyce was going to have to stay in town a little longer.

GUARDEDLY,

Richard looked at her to see whether she shared his feelings, but she was bending down to pick a hairpin off the carpet.

Richard wiped his eyes with his handkerchief and let the grin show.

One evening about two months later, they had dinner together in his flat. Joyce didn't seem to mind its associations with Tony any longer. She cooked a competent and tasty meal looking like one of the better advertisements of young housewives.

Richard felt benign and replete when they leaned back from empty coffee cups. And then Joyce said: "Success! We've done it, Richard. I had a letter from mother this morning, hinting in a cautious way through ten pages that if Tony Rogers is as I've described him, then in spite of Aunt Jane's enthusiasm I'd do well to think twice before marrying him."

Richard's hand halted with a freshly lighted cigarette half-raised.

"Oh," he said.

"I'll write to-morrow that her advice is sound and that I've decided not to marry Tony after all. And then I'll go home."

Richard cleared his throat. "I wouldn't be too hasty about this. You want to be very sure that you—that everybody is convinced."

"I can be sure now after mother's letter."

"But you don't want to rush things. Your job, for instance. You ought to give thirty days' notice, you know."

"Oh, they can get along without me."

Joyce patted his hand. "I can go home now with my head up. I can never thank you enough."

"That's all right," said Richard, with a sinking feeling at the pit of his stomach.

A few evenings later, Joyce

rang him, sounding breathless and worried.

"I've just heard from Tony. He says he's on his way here to see me. Could you come and be with me when he arrives?"

In no time Richard was at her room.

"After what he's done, how could he think you'd want to see him? Or do you?" he said, almost angrily.

"Certainly not. Sneaking up here when he's only a few months married—I never want to see him again, and I'll tell him so."

Richard felt better, though not much.

The bell rang.

Joyce put her little jaw out and moved from him towards the door. "I'll fix him! You wait here."

"Wait here?" repeated Richard. "But I came over to—hadn't I better go with you?"

"No, darling. I thought I'd need you beside me when I faced him, but I don't after all. You've propped me up enough just being here. It will be better for me to handle it myself."

"All right," said Richard, uncertainly.

Still uncertain, he watched Joyce go out and close the door.

He heard her go down a flight, and then from the floor below he heard her raised, determined voice: "Just a minute, please. Where do you think you're going?" A pause, then: "Oh, no, you're not. And don't sweetheart me."

That's telling him, approved Richard tensely.

"What made you think I'd want anything to do with you after the way you behaved? I never want to see you or hear from you again, Tony Rogers."

Good, good, nodded Richard.

"Perhaps I did once," came her voice. "But not any more. I'm in love with another man now."

What's this? Richard asked himself. He opened the door quietly.

"—when I'm with him I can't imagine why I ever gave you a thought in the first place. You're only an immature boy compared with him."

Richard's mouth opened. He shouldn't listen any more, he told himself.

"Yes, I'm going to marry him, if he asks me. Yes, you know him—he took over your flat. All right, think what you like about it. Now please go and don't ever try to see me again."

Her heels clicked decisively as she came back up the stairs. Richard waited by the door. He wondered whether to pretend he hadn't heard her. He wondered whether to build up to this wonderful new knowledge gradually or take advantage of it immediately.

Then he stopped wondering. When she came back he was simply going to open his arms and put them round her while he told her at considerable length exactly how he felt about her.

But he wasn't ever, of course, going to admit hearing the second feminine voice at the end. The voice of some tenant on the second floor, perhaps—"Miss Palmer, who in the world do you think you're talking to in this empty hall?"

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